THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 159 NEW YORK • SATURDAY • NOVEMBER 25, 1944 NUMBER 22

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Published weekly and copyright, 1944, in the U. S. A. by The Nation Associates, Inc., 20 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1879, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Washington Editorial Bureau: 318 Kellogg Building.

The Shape of Things

THE NEWS FROM THE FAR EAST CONTINUES TO be bad, with converging Japanese columns in southern China less than 100 miles apart at Kweilin and Liuchow. The gallant little Fourteenth United States Army Air Force has lost all its advanced bases except for Nanning and Kweiyang, and has suffered the heartbreaking experience of being forced to destroy the airfields it and its many Chinese friends had built with so much toil. General Chennault's courageous and dauntless fighters, who are among the most skilful and best-led airmen in the world today, will continue their long battle from the Kunming area, but that adds 500 miles to their bombing routes. This in itself would justify the Japanese offensive, for it will seriously reduce the scale of the Fourteenth's heavy and damaging attacks on enemy shipping in the South China Sea. But even more serious operations are apparently in train—a drive to the west toward Kweiyang which if successful would negate Allied progress toward opening the Ledo-Burma roads, and which would therefore greatly reduce the likelihood of getting heavy equipment into China for a ground campaign. Further, the fall of Kweiyang would open a potential back-door approach to Chungking itself, and even to Chengtu, chief base of the B-29's against Japan. It is much to be hoped that General Wedemeyer's "simple and, I hope, sound" plan of defense will be accepted by Generalissimo Chiang and that means will be found to carry it into effect.

*

HOPE FOR BETTER TEAMWORK ON CHINA'S PART has been brightened somewhat by news of the long-awaited reorganization of the Chungking government. Full details of the reorganization are not available as we go to press, but the preliminary reports are highly encouraging. War Minister Ho Ying-Chin, who is mentioned in Mr. Stewart's article as a defeatist of long standing, has been replaced by General Chen Cheng, one of the ablest of the Chinese military leaders. The choice of Chen Cheng is a particularly happy one, since he has shown his willingness to cooperate with the American military representatives. Finance Minister H. H. Kung, who worked closely with the landlord-usurers' clique, has also been replaced, but little is known of his successor. Although these changes are important steps in the right direction, they do not go far enough to warrant any great measure of optimism. Early reports do not indicate that any representatives of the non-Kuomintang liberal parties or the Communists have been taken into the government. Until real unity is achieved, China's contribution to the war is likely to remain far below that which its manpower and resources would seem to make possible.

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THE SITUATION IN ITALY IS GOING FROM BAD TO worse, and winter has found the Allied authorities incapable of bringing any real help to a people which lacks bread, coal, and medicines. At the beginning of the month, the Italian papers displayed on their front pages President Roosevelt's promise that the bread ration in all liberated areas of Italy would be increased to 300 grams (10.57 ounces) a day. They are now commenting gloomily on private statements by Allied authorities who admit that they do not know where Mr. Roosevelt will get the bread. Hunger and cold might be tolerable, at least to the genuine anti-Fascist masses, if Italians felt free to work for the political reconstruction of their country. But if the Allied agencies do not seem particularly efficient in handling the food situation, they are certainly active in disarming the partisans, who want to fight the Germans, and in helping the Crown to protect itself from the gathering anti-monarchist storm. Dear old Vittorio Orlando seems to be the favorite choice of British and other conservative Allied elements for Bonomi's successor. His elevation to the Premiership, accompanied by the strains of *Giovinezza,* would bring the liberation of Italy to a cynical conclusion, if the people do not prefer civil war.

*

WITH UNCTUOUS LEGALISM EAMON DE VALERA has refused to give any pledge that Eire will deny sanctuary to Axis war criminals. Indicating that he does not intend to alter his policy of denying admission to aliens whose presence would infringe on its neutrality—a hypocritical claim in the face of the almost blatant use of Eire as an Axis espionage base throughout the war—the Irish Premier insists that he can give no assurance that would preclude the exercise of "justice, charity, or honor." This statement will not gladden the hearts of the hundreds of thousands of Irish who today are fighting Nazis in the armies of Britain, Canada, and the United States. Eire has done well by itself during the war and has escaped most of its horrors. No pressure was exerted against its not-so-benevolent neutrality even at the height of the Battle of Britain or during the worst phase of the submarine war. Eire's freedom and security, its very existence, have been bought by the lives of those with whom it refused to share the fighting. Now, they will have something to say about its policy after the war, particularly where it concerns the continuation of the destruction of fascism. Along with semi-fascist Portugal, Eire stands alone among the neutrals in regarding the future of Axis leaders as still an open question; even Spain and Argentina, on paper at least, have refused haven to the Axis rodents. We cannot help feeling that the Irish nation, which knows something of the nature of the fight against oppression, will declare itself—and force its leader to declare himself—a partner in the post-war battle to wipe out the last traces of fascism.

*

WITH AN AIR OF DIGNIFIED SENILITY THE executive council of the American Federation of Labor has declined the invitation issued by Britain's Trade Union Congress to a world labor conference in February which will discuss labor's role in the peace. Mr. Green has his reasons. First, the C. I. O. has invited dual unions (the C. I. O.) to attend. Second, it has invited organizations which are not "bona fide" unions—the Catholic trade unions of Canada and some in Latin America. Third, it has invited the Soviet trade unions, which are not "free" labor organizations. And, fourth, the T. U. C. should not have issued the invitation at all since the International Federation of Trade Unions is the proper initiating body. Thus, like the brontosaurus and other organisms which failed to find ways to survive, this great labor organization stubbornly resists the challenge of the times. "Dual unionism" was inevitable when the A. F. of L. refused to recognize the need for adopting the industrial-union form of organization in mass-production industries. Today the C. I. O., which arose out of that refusal, is the most militant and effective labor body in the country—and the C. I. O. has accepted the British invitation. To balk at a meeting with the Russian unions and raise legalistic objections to the method of calling the conference is to notify the labor world that the A. F. of L. prefers to be left behind rather than yield up any of its prejudices or prerogatives.

*

JAMES C. PETRILLO, IN EXACTING FEES OF SOME $4,000,000 annually from the recording companies, to be paid directly to the Musicians' Union, has won a thumping victory that may well lead to a new Congressional attack of unprecedented violence on labor as a whole. We know that the Musicians' Union under Petrillo's leadership has "done a great deal" for its members, and we know that without a union musicians would not have achieved what they have in the way of working conditions and security. The relief of unemployed members and the spreading of musical culture are perfectly legitimate activities for a musicians' union. We should not object if the fund had been legitimately obtained—if, that is, the union had won through the orderly processes of collective bargaining the payment of performance fees to the members concerned and if these fees had then been tranferred, through democratic union procedure, to a relief fund. What is highly objectionable is the fact that Petrillo has obtained this fund by means of monopolistic practices and that his control over the union is so complete that he will use it as he pleases—not least in ways calculated to maintain his own power. By flouting the War Labor Board and getting his way and his booty by methods as blatant as any robber baron ever indulged in he has practically dared Congress to do something about it—and when Congress does something about Petrillo, it may be counted on to take out its grievance against him on all other labor unions.

*

WHEN THE DIES COMMITTEE REACHES THE END of its vicious career next January, it will have few mourners. Four members of the committee will not return for the Seventy-ninth Congress. In addition to Dies himself, who had sufficient discretion not to stand for reelection, the absentees will include Starnes of Alabama and Costello of California—both defeated in the primaries—and Busbey of Illinois, who failed in the November elections. Representative J. Parnell Thomas of New Jersey, the ranking Republican member—who unfortunately escaped at the polls—has wisely decided not to press for the committee's continuance. Although the committee has progressively lost favor in re-

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cent years as a result of its irresponsible attacks on loyal and highly capable government officials, it signed its death warrant this fall with a series of pre-election attacks on the Roosevelt Administration and its supporters. These attacks made clear for all what *The Nation* had long contended—that the committee was using its supposed investigation into "un-American" activities as a mask for an underhand attack on the President and the New Deal Administration. While not a single voice is likely to be raised in Congress for continuation of the committeee, some Republicans and anti-New Deal Democrats are reported to be prepared to fight to have the committee's records kept under House control, with an annual appropriation for their maintenance, so that the smear campaign against the Administration may be resumed under more favorable conditions. We cannot believe that the new House will be sufficiently naive to permit this obvious political maneuver to succeed.

*

LIBERALS IN CONGRESS FIND THEMSELVES IN A somewhat embarrassing position as a result of Senator Vandenberg's proposal to "freeze" the social-security tax at one per cent for another year. Both the Treasury and the Social Security Board have urged that the statutory increase to two per cent be permitted to go into effect on January 1, 1945. The Treasury favors the increase because it would yield some $1,500,000,000 in additional revenue and thus help curb inflation. The Society Security Board feels that the additional tax would be an asset in its drive for wider coverage and an expansion of benefits. On the other hand, Senator Vandenberg argues from solid ground when he points out that the present social-security reserve fund is about eight times as large as the highest contemplated annual expenditure from the fund during the next five years. As an anti-inflation measure the social-security levy is equally difficult to defend. While additional taxation is desirable to absorb the excess buying power that has been created by the war, the social-security tax has the disadvantage of falling exclusively on the lowest income group. Only the first $3,000 in wages are subject to payroll deduction. Since the additional funds that would be collected from a two per cent tax would not be used for social-security purposes but would help defray the costs of the war, the only effect of the increase would be to shift a greater part of the burden of the war to the lowest income groups.

*

THE WORKERS OF THE R. J. REYNOLDS PLANT at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, this month celebrated establishment of union security and wage increases after a long struggle. But one man faces a sentence of sixty days on the road gang as the price of victory. The story begins at noon, June 20, in the federal courtroom at Winston-Salem. The morning session of a War Labor Board hearing has just ended. The dispute is between the R. J. Reynolds Company, makers of Camel cigarettes, and its workers, organized in the United Cannery, Agricultural, Packing, and Allied Workers of America, C. I. O. Union people gather in small groups, WLB officials and panel members chat. Company officials and company-union workers are present. The C. I. O. people are discussing a point in the case with William DeBerry, who has been a leader in the fight for organization since 1942. There is no disorder of any kind. After the noon recess the hearing is resumed. That evening the police appear at DeBerry's home and arrest him on a charge of having assaulted a white woman during the noon recess. The woman in question is Louise Johnson, a notorious company-union stooge. On July 6 DeBerry is sentenced in police court to thirty days on the road gang. On appeal to the Superior Court, July 13 and 14, the testimony of the accusers changes. The original charge is too flimsy to be leaned on heavily. This time they lean on race prejudice instead. The prosecutor speaks with horror of the union custom of addressing members as "brothers" and "sisters." On the basis of such cheap tactics DeBerry is sentenced to sixty days on the road. The union has again appealed, and is taking the case to the state Supreme Court December 12.

*

THE DEATH OF DR. HENDRIK COLIJN, FORMER Prime Minister of the Netherlands, reduces noticeably the small tribe of big business men with social vision. His public life was one long battle to remove or reduce barriers to international trade. At the World Economic Conferences of 1927 and 1933, and at the meetings of the Economic Committee between conferences, he warned again and again of the illusory nature of economic sovereignty in the modern world. He was one of the few men in positions of influence who saw the connection between autarchy and unemployment. He was one of the few who proclaimed, in Mussolini's early heyday, that fascism wouldn't work and was a danger to the peace of the world; he was one of the first and most outspoken anti-Nazis. As a director of three large oil companies, he was always listened to with respect, but his warnings were not acted upon. He lived to see his worst predictions come true. The Nazis overran his country, and he stayed and fought them. Interned in the home of a quisling, he was greeted by the Dutch National Anthem when he went to church. After that he was not allowed at large. He died in Thüringen, Germany.

Coming

IN DECEMBER ISSUES OF THE NATION

JAN MASARYK, Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia, will contribute a significant article on the future of Europe to the issue of December 2.

STUART CHASE has written a new book, "Democracy Under Pressure," to be published by the Twentieth Century Fund. Three chapters will appear in *The Nation* before the book appears. The first, Will It Be Peace? will be in the issue of December 2.

MAXWELL S. STEWART'S article, China's Zero Hour, in the current issue, is the first of a series on the crisis in China. The second, by KATE MITCHELL, editor of *Amerasia*, will appear December 9.

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The Same Old Gang

THE Kilgore committee's new report on cartels and national security is given added point by the international business conference which has just been held at Rye, New York. The conference was called by the National Association of Manufacturers, the United States Chamber of Commerce, the National Foreign Trade Council, and the American section of the International Chamber of Commerce. Many of the men and most of the organizations taking part represent that morally bankrupt and economically indefensible pre-war world of monopolistic restriction and covert collaborationism so congenial to the Nazis in their attempt at world conquest. Except for the Indian delegation, they seemed bent on reviving just such a world after the war, though they veer cautiously away from the now unpopular word "cartel" and pay the usual lip-service to "free enterprise." It is significant that the two leading individuals at the conference were Winthrop W. Aldrich of Rockefeller's Chase National Bank—which, like Standard Oil, enjoyed profitable relations with Nazi concerns before Pearl Harbor—and Sir Clive Baillieu, president-designate of the British Federation of Industries, which sought an alliance with German industry after Munich. The same old gang is still at work.

If men of this kind gain their objectives, the chances of world full employment will be slight and the chances of German revival for a third attempt very good indeed. "The German industrial group," the Kilgore committee warns, "has been the mainstay of the international cartel system. In their agreements with American and British companies the German cartelists specifically provided that in the event of war cartel arrangements would be resumed when hostilities were terminated. Any efforts to retain the international cartel system will therefore help to keep in power the German militarist-industrialist clique which has already planned and launched two world wars." The Kilgore committee proposes the punishment of Germany's leading industrialists as equally guilty with the Nazis, the breaking up of monopolies and cartels in the Reich, the unmasking of secret German holdings in neutral countries, and not only the destruction of the German armament industry "but also the dismantling and removal to the devastated areas of Europe of the primary indirect munitions industries, including the metallurgical and chemical industries."

The committee sees that the basic problem here is not confined to Germany. It declares that a cartel system dominated by American of British interests "would eventually produce the same undesirable results as the one exploited by the German." We agree with its attack upon loose talk about saving the "good features" of cartels—"in truth, nothing would be left, since restriction is of the very essence of cartels." And we agree with the committee when it says, "Any proposal which would vest in private monopolies the power to make international economic agreements must be considered the antithesis of genuine democracy and international cooperation." The purpose of the cartel is profit through restriction; it takes the form of secret economic treaties between irresponsible economic interests. Where competition is no longer possible, the only sound alternative is government ownership. We want no world order ruled in secret by the Aldriches and the Munich eers and the collaborationists of Europe. In such a world neither prosperity nor peace could long endure.

De Gaulle and the Resistance

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

NEWSPAPER correspondents like lesser men have a natural disposition to see events in the light of their own prophecies. Nowhere has this tendency been more evident than in recent dispatches from Paris. Reporters who before the liberation were anti-Gaullist, or at least solemnly skeptical about the strength of the French leader, are today sending home dispatches which dramatize, if they do not exaggerate, the difficulties General de Gaulle is experiencing with the resistance elements. On some days civil war seems imminent; on others the "elements of order" are given the upper hand. And, as usual, the distant observer is forced to fall back on his own political judgment as he extracts the bits of solid fact from the soup of contradictory and tendentious conclusions.

The facts seem to indicate that the French government is faced with sharp differences of opinion in its own ranks and between itself and some factions in the resistance movement, especially the Communists. But it is also clear that all groups are trying to avoid open conflict with the government. In that lies the best hope of a peaceful way out of the dilemma facing De Gaulle.

That the dilemma is a real one, no one can deny. General de Gaulle is trying to be two things at once: head of a state and leader of a revolution. In the first days of liberation the two roles seemed one, but even then the conflict of functions was only hiding under a cloud of glory that could not last. As head of the French state De Gaulle has had to act in close concert with his Allies, particularly the British and Americans, on whom he is wholly dependent for arms and supplies of every sort; and he has had to recreate France, first as a sovereign power, capable of governing its own territory, and then as a "great" power, accepted as a co-equal in the councils of the Allies.

This role fits the French leader's temperament and political attitude without a wrinkle: De Gaulle is first of all a patriot and a nationalist; everything else comes second. It must be admitted, I should think, by the most chronic doubter—even by Mr. Roosevelt himself—that De Gaulle has acquitted himself with remarkable skill as the head of a state which had to be fabricated, in the midst of actual invasion, out of a country crushed by Nazi occupation, demoralized by the treason of its former rulers, and torn by civil war. The disbelief in De Gaulle's popularity and genuine following inside France has been proved totally unfounded. With Churchill's recent visit to Paris, and his own visit to Moscow in prospect, the French leader must at last feel that his stubborn struggle to reestablish the greatness of France is all but finished. France is represented in the European Advisory Council and promised a share in the occupation of Germany. From now on all important deci-

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sions concerning Western Europe will be made in full collaboration with the French government.

But this victory has not been won without cost. It has meant a definite sacrifice of part of the confidence imposed in De Gaulle by the revolutionary elements whose faith and militant energy put him in power and today sustain him. In his understandable haste to swing liberated France into the ranks of the Allies—both politically and as a fighting force—he has built up the central power of the government at the expense, and at some points in defiance of, the resistance movement. The decree disbanding the Patriotic Guard, a Communist-controlled militia, was issued without previous consultation with the Council of Liberation. Inevitably the Council issued a most indignant protest, insisting that all decisions concerning internal order and the liberation movement should be made in agreement between the Council and the government, and pointing out that it had been studying the problem of the armed forces of the liberation and was ready to submit a program for regularizing and legalizing their activities. The Council agreed on the need of order, but many responsible leaders expressed the opinion that neither the police nor, especially, the secret service had been sufficiently purged of pro-Vichy elements to be trusted with full control. To disarm the resistance fighters and leave the armed police in charge would be to endanger the whole movement. The Communists naturally took an even stronger line, bitterly denouncing the government and demanding resistance to its decree.

It was at about the same time that the activities of the Spanish *maquis* in the F. F. I. began to alarm the newspaper guardians of order at all costs. That Spanish Republicans had taken over Phalangist headquarters and some Franco consulates in the south of France and were staging forays across the border seemed terribly disturbing to persons who thought that revolution should be strictly limited to acts ordered by the Allied High Command. Here, too, events pointed toward serious trouble between the French government and its more radical supporters.

But the interesting thing is that nobody chose to touch off the sticks of dynamite which could be seen protruding from each of these tinder piles. This is a political fact quite as important as the explosive elements in the situation, and it is a fact which has been largely ignored. The row over the Patriotic Guard was settled by a compromise. The Guard was disbanded, but its members were kept as a reserve force for local police action. This is not necessarily a mere face-saving formula: it is in localities far from the big centers, particularly in factory towns, that Vichy saboteurs are most active and the power of the central government is weakest. Especially in that large area of southwestern France, which is governed for all practical purposes by the F. F. I., the services of these irregulars can still be usefully employed. In any case the value of the Patriotic Guard and the prestige of the Council of Resistance were recognized by this agreement and a serious conflict was avoided.

In the matter of the Spanish *maquis*, another compromise was reached. The Spaniards were dissuaded from attempting an open invasion of Spain from French soil, but they were not disarmed or disbanded. They have withdrawn twelve miles behind the frontier to avoid trouble but their formations remain intact as a part of the F. F. I. If they trickle across the border as individuals, they do it on their own responsibility. Here, again, De Gaulle has avoided a showdown on an issue that would arouse intense feeling. The decision has been postponed rather than avoided. But by spring, when the snow melts in the passes of the Pyrenees, the political picture may be different.

It was freely asserted by American reporters in Paris that the French government was pushed toward a stiffer position in relation to the resistance movement by strong Allied pressure. Harold Callender flatly stated in the New York *Times* that Allied recognition of the De Gaulle government was granted "mainly to strengthen its hands internally." The Allies wanted order; they wanted brakes applied to the purge. They wanted the revolution to end with the physical liberation of French territory. De Gaulle seems to have given them at least part of what they demanded as payment for arms and recognition and the admission of France to the exclusive club of "major" allies. But so far he has not allowed them to drive him to lengths that would endanger the support of his militant mass following.

Allied policy is not likely to be wise enough to recognize that the revolution in Western Europe must be allowed to run its course. Certainly it has shown no such wisdom in the past. In France our military authorities have by all accounts done a good job of working with the resistance forces and keeping their fingers out of politics. It is on the higher levels of diplomatic intervention that difficulties arise. None of our political leaders seem to realize that order and stability can emerge only from a Europe purged and rebuilt by the energy of its partisans—the men and women who have shown themselves willing both to kill and to risk torture and death. If these people are suppressed or disarmed while eager turncoats are kept in power, the fires of revolution will spread in new and dangerous directions. The resistance forces will cooperate to the limit; but they will not be ignored. Europe is theirs, they believe, and neither governments back from exile nor visiting Prime Ministers can tell them otherwise. This is true in France. It is also true in Italy and Greece, in Belgium and Holland. Unfortunately in those countries no leader has appeared who commands the confidence that so far belongs to General de Gaulle. The conflict between the resistance groups in Belgium and the reactionary Pierlot government dramatizes the entire problem that faces Europe in this period of liberation. If Allied soldiers are actually used, as General Erskine has threatened, to disarm the Belgian forces of resistance, the political bungling of the Allied leaders will have reached its bitter resolution. Let us hope that sanity—such as saved the situation in France—will prevent a tragedy which might easily plunge Europe into a struggle far more horrible than the war against Hitler.

Miss Kirchwey, as vice-chairman of the National Citizens' Political Action Committee, will attend a meeting of the executive board of the committee in Chicago this Saturday and will report on it in next week's issue.

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The War Fronts

BY CHARLES G. BOLTE

THIS is it. The new offensive on the western front looks like the real thing—a carefully planned, well-mounted general offensive designed to bring Germany to defeat in 1944. As this is written (Monday morning), it is far too early to judge how well the design will succeed, but it obviously will not fail for lack of organized effort or will.

General Eisenhower has again shown himself a master of surprise, that key military characteristic which has been widely revived in this war after a pretty general eclipse in the last. The surprise in this case was not only as to the time and place of attack but as to the whole offensive itself. According to front dispatches, the Germans thought we were digging in for the winter, and they busied themselves in doing the same thing: our advancing troops have found many deep dugouts, rather comfortably winterized in preparation for a protracted stay. Not only were our preparations for an offensive concealed, but stories were planted where they would reach German ears—stories which told of no big Allied push during this earliest and most bitter European winter for eighty years. Also, air supremacy paid its usual but unpublicized dividend of restricting enemy aerial reconnaissance to a minimum, thus further guaranteeing freedom of movement without fear of detection.

That movement has certainly been on a grand and unprecedented scale. It had to be, in order to overcome the adverse circumstances detailed in this column two weeks ago: our long lines of communication versus the enemy's short lines, the quick German recovery from the demoralizing retreat of August, the strong prepared position in the Westwall, and the protracted defense of the French ports. It will be recalled that it took the Allies seven weeks to build up sufficient strength for the breakout in Normandy and the rapid pursuit to the borders of Germany. This pursuit, clearing France, Belgium, and most of Holland of the enemy, should have given us the deep-water ports needed to sustain new blows; but it didn't, and the present offensive is still being supplied largely through beach landings. Cherbourg, Brest, and Marseilles are a long way from the fighting, and it is on Antwerp that General Eisenhower must be depending for an early expansion of the supply flow. The remarkable fact is that the beach-landing method, plus the flow through available ports, has been sufficient to get this offensive off to a good start after a build-up time not much longer than was needed for the Normandy breakthrough.

Presumably the build-up of supplies has been great enough to support the exploiting of whatever successes may be won. It would be tragic indeed if the coming phases of the battle —encirclement and annihilation of enemy groupings, pursuit toward Berlin—should break down through lack of fuel and ammunition. There is every reason to assume, on the basis of past performance, that General Eisenhower and his highly efficient staff have taken appropriate measures to see that this doesn't happen; and probably the Allies have sufficient supplies to maintain themselves until the estimated date when Antwerp will be brought into full use. Again, this makes the work of the small supply ships, the beach battalions, and the Red Ball express-trucking system even more remarkable, because the expected date of Antwerp's coming into full use must still be at a considerable remove. Heavy bombardment of the port by V-1 and V-2 is reported to be currently under way and is likely to cause further delay.

By any reckoning, then, the sending forward of six armies simultaneously is a fine achievement. The tactical and logistic situation is such that, by an apparent paradox, big advances on the ground are not what we want at this stage —Marshal Montgomery's favorite "dogfight" phase, so dubbed by him before the Battle of Alamein, and during which, as he correctly predicted, the Germans in Egypt would be finally defeated and rendered incapable of protracted resistance elsewhere. Ideally, the enemy will stand and fight where he is, giving the Allies the opportunity to destroy most of his fighting strength in men and material now on the western front. Confronted by such a concentration of power as three complete armies attacking on the narrow Aachen front—the real center of gravity in the west—any normal general would stage a slow and fighting withdrawal to the east bank of the Rhine, delaying the attackers and making them take losses amid the blockhouses, field fortifications, and minefields en route. But whoever commands the Germans today—Hitler, Himmler, General Staff man, or clique of generals—is not normal, and the last-man-last-round defense theory is still strongly held in top enemy councils. On the other hand, the enemy's defense has been a good deal more intelligent in the past few weeks, after the incredible "intuitive" direction of the Normandy battle, and a comparatively sane head may prevail at this moment of Germany's crisis.

Let us fervently hope that it does not. The best hope now is for a slow advance toward Cologne and the Ruhr, with the Germans continuing to throw their best troops into the face of greatly superior man-power and weight of metal. Men and metal will, sooner or later, wear their way through the Westwall; if it is strongly held to the last, they will wear their way through the better part of the German armies in the west at the same time. Then the problem of getting across the Rhine will be simplified, and it may not be necessary to fight another major battle in the west at all. The Germans simply lack reserves to plug any big holes in the Westwall; they are topheavy up forward, and their over-all defense system has the fatal weakness of lacking depth. Moreover, they are short of mobile elements

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and of gas: if the Allies can break into the open, they will hardly be able to prevent quick exploitation, long gains on the ground, the increasing encirclement of isolated battle groupings, and the by-passing of strong points and fortress cities. If continued Allied pressure in the south is maintained, and, above all, if the Red Army can open a general offensive on the central sector of the eastern front, the enemy will not be able to shift any troops to meet this growing threat in the west. The freeze in the east has set in, and the lull may be nearly over.

The 65-Cent Minimum

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, November 19

TWO basic domestic issues have arisen here for progressives, and they call for the fullest possible measure of public understanding and pressure. Both are central to the problem of achieving full employment after the war, and on neither can we expect leadership from the White House. The first revolves around the appointment of the new Surplus Property Board; the second around the Pepper resolution for a 65-cent minimum wage, on which hearings opened Friday before a Senate labor and education subcommittee.

Something has been gained since I touched upon the first in last week's letter. Protests from Philip Murray of the C. I. O., James Patton of the National Farmers' Union, and several Senators, including Murray and Kilgore, have led the White House to withdraw one of its intended appointments to the Surplus Property Board and to hold up the other two. The appointment withdrawn is that of Colonel Joseph P. Woodlock, who has been executive assistant to Will Clayton as Surplus Property Administrator under an executive order issued last February. The two held up, after Senator Barkley told the President that a board controlled by the nominees of Jesse Jones and Will Clayton would not be confirmed in the Senate, are those of Sam H. Husbands and James Shepherd. Husbands is a faithful workhorse in the Jones-dominated RFC and its subsidiaries—unimaginative, competent in a narrow way, totally unsuited to the task of using government-owned plants, lands, and commodities as a means to break monopoly and stimulate industrial expansion toward full employment. He was to be, and may still be, nominated for the chairmanship. Shepherd, unknown here, is a partner in a corporation-law firm in Los Angeles. Such nominees are unfit for anything but maintenance of the semi-monopolistic status quo, which is exactly what the Jones-Clayton-Baruch-Byrnes crowd have in mind—and what the President appears prepared to acquiesce in, despite his talk of 60,000,000 jobs after the war. On this issue it would be most helpful if the White House heard some grumbling from the grass roots.

The second issue raises two questions, one ethical, the other economic. The first is whether at this late date we are to take a firm step toward that equality of sacrifice once promised us in the war. The second is whether we are to take the first small step toward providing the volume of mass purchasing power necessary to maintain full employment after the war. The 65-cents-an-hour resolution, for which we are all indebted to Senator Pepper of Florida, would do both. The Pepper measure has its origin in certain forlornly neglected provisions of the President's hold-the-line order of October 3, 1942. The National War Labor Board was ordered to stabilize wages except where increases were called for "to correct maladjustments or inequalities, to eliminate substandards of living, to correct gross inequalities, or to aid in the effective prosecution of the war." The WLB has moved but falteringly to correct inequalities or to eliminate "substandards of living," and the concurrent resolution introduced by Senator Pepper would declare it "the sense of the Congress that a straight-time hourly rate of 65 cents per hour is the minimum below which the National War Labor Board shall consider any wage substandard." At present employers may raise wages to 40 cents an hour without reference to the board, and regional boards may raise wages up to 50 cents an hour without reference to the national board. This is on the theory that wages below these levels are substandard. The Pepper resolution would increase the rate to 65 cents, but in the form of an authorization rather than a direction to the board.

A rate of 65 cents an hour adds up to $26 for a forty-hour week, or $1,352 a year for workers lucky enough to work fifty-two weeks a year. This is considerably below the so-called emergency budget for a family of four as figured out originally by the WPA, with the warning that it was intended only "for an emergency standard which may be necessary under depressed conditions" and might prove "harmful to both health and morale" if too long continued. This budget, as adjusted to present prices, calls for an income of $1,730 a year, or an average hourly earning rate of 86½ cents. Lest any reader think this too munificent, I give the budget as broken down into its constituent parts so he can compare it with his own household expenditures: food, $751; clothing, $214; housing, $201; household operation, $186; miscellaneous, $172; taxes, $44; war bonds, $62. This for four people, for one year. Its housing allowance—about $16 a month—will give you an idea of the living standard called for by this emergency budget, which is $378 a year more than would be made by a man working a forty-hour week the year round at 65 cents an hour.

Now despite war prosperity, and there is plenty of it in the middle and upper brackets, the testimony before the Pepper committee showed that 40 per cent of America's workers are making less than 65 cents an hour. The number ranges from 3 per cent in mining to 86 per cent in retail trade. In the manufacturing industries one worker in four is making less than 65 cents an hour. "The American economy," Philip Murray told the committee, "is still loaded down with low income groups. Thirty per cent of all consumer units in the United States were in 1943 still receiving less than $1,500 per year. There are still 7,093,000 consumer units which are

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earning less than $1,000 per year. The group between $1,000 and $1,500 numbered 5,120,000 consumer units. All of these families and single consumer units cannot even maintain the emergency level of living established by the Works Progress Administration for persons and families on relief."

Eleven million American workers are earning less than 65 cents an hour. It is clear that even under conditions of war prosperity, not one-third but two-fifths of the American working class is ill fed, ill clothed, ill housed. That their employers have done somewhat better in the war is indicated by testimony as to how much a 65-cent minimum would cost industry. "For industries involved," Emil Rieve of the Textile Workers' Union told the Pepper committee, "total profits in 1943, based on corporate tax returns, were 303 per cent above 1936-39. Increased wages under Senator Pepper's proposal represent only 7 per cent of 1943 profits in manufacturing industries, 1.1 per cent in mining industries, and 6.85 per cent in finance, insurance, and real-estate industries. This, it is plain, would still leave employers a substantial proportion of their increase in profits over 1936-39." It is also plain that the OPA has been a good deal more tender to business in fixing prices at a profitable level than the WLB has been thoughtful of labor in correcting "inequalities" and "eliminating substandard" wages.

This is not merely an ethical problem, it is also an economic one. Workers living on this level hardly provide the market we need for full employment after the war. The Shoe Workers' Union, pleading for the 65-cent minimum, pointed out that today 19.6 per cent of the women and 27.3 per cent of the men in this country can afford only one pair of shoes at a time and that 61.5 per cent of the population own two pairs or less. "If the American shoe industry wants a market," John Rackliffe said, "here it is." Frances Sayler of the United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers, after analyzing the sales figures in those industries, testified that if the annual income of the lower-paid workers were moved up into the $1,500-to-$3,000-a-year class, "it would mean a potential market for some 7,000,000 refrigerators where those products had never been bought before." That, she pointed out, is more than double the 1941 boom-level production. Here, obviously, in raising low living standards, is the key to full employment of facilities and man-power.

Let no one imagine, however, that a mere increase of minimums to the 65-cent level is going to be anywhere near enough to create the post-war market we need. It is expected that with the defeat of Germany war production will slow down and overtime will be less necessary. The elimination of overtime in manufacturing would cut $2,153,000,000 from its wage bill—and that also means from its market for manufactures. As against this, the adoption of the 65-cent minimum in manufacturing would add but $935,000,000. In terms of purchasing power we shall have taken two steps backward to one step forward. Let us look at the figures in another way. Our gross national production is running at about $200 billion a year, of which $105 billion is war expenditure. That provides some idea of the gap which must be closed to get full employment after the war. The 65-cent minimum would contribute $5½ billion in purchasing power toward the closing of that gap. It is little enough, but to get even this little will take a fight.

75 Years Ago in "The Nation"

THE ALL BUT INCREDIBLE prostitution of our courts to the service of a notorious stock-jobbing, gold-gambling, railroad-ruining, and generally swindling clique will probably do more ultimately towards effecting a reform in our judiciary system than will ever be accomplished by the united efforts of the bar, the legislature, and the indignant people.—*November 4, 1869.*

THE RUSSIAN STUDENT . . . is as liberal in politics as in philosophy, will show all the faults of the government, will discuss the rights of man and the advantages of a republic, detests Napoleon III, admires Lincoln, believes in the cause of Poland, and regards America, and his imaginations of liberty, order, and simplicity there, with great reverence.—*November 4, 1869.*

"ONE POOR GIRL: The Story of Thousands." By Wirt Sikes. "It depicts the hard, the terrible experience of 'One Poor Girl' in this great city, in which, beyond all question, she is but the representative of numberless others. Poverty, vice, avarice, and remorseless lust are at various times ready to crush her to despair and suicide, although she is at last strangely rescued. The book is written with feeling and taste, but with the evident purpose to plead the cause of the wretched and defenseless."—*The Evangelist.* Elegantly printed on tinted paper. . . . J. B. Lippincott & Co. (ADVT.) —*November 4, 1869.*

THE ELECTIONS of last week may fairly be taken to show that on the whole the relative strength of the Republicans and Democrats is probably not as yet materially changed from what it was last year. . . . It is pretty clear that on the whole Grant's administration is generally approved. He could today, in spite of what mistakes he has made, be elected over Seymour and Blair by about the majority he got last November.—*November 11, 1869.*

IN SPITE OF the immense strides toward popular government which Europe has made during the last ten years, and the general admission of the conservatives that the cause of privilege is hopelessly lost, liberalism can hardly be said to be in a satisfactory condition, owing to irreconcilable differences of opinion which begin to show themselves in its own ranks.—*November 11, 1869.*

THE NEW YORK *TIMES* has a special dispatch from its correspondent in St. Petersburg announcing another "triple alliance," this time between Russia, Austria, and France—it is to be presumed against Prussia—and involving the maintenance of a certain armed force.—*November 18, 1869.*

THE OPENING of the Suez Canal promises to be one of the greatest ceremonials of the century; but already the "economists and calculators" are doing their best to mar the occasion, by asking if it will pay.—*November 18, 1869.*

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China's Zero Hour

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

THE unexpected recall of General Joseph Stilwell and Ambassador Gauss has focused attention on the difficulties which have long existed between Chungking and our representatives in China. Although both the President and the Chinese Foreign Minister have chosen, for obvious diplomatic reasons, to attribute Stilwell's withdrawal to a clash of personalities between Stilwell and Chiang Kai-shek, dispatches from American correspondents which were cleared by the War Department make it evident that important issues of policy were involved. Stilwell has failed in his efforts to work out a basis for military cooperation with China, not because he lacked diplomatic finesse, but because fundamentally Washington and Chungking have different objectives in the war. Brooks Atkinson, of the New York *Times*, reflected the disillusionment of American representatives in China when he declared that the Chungking regime seems to be "more concerned with maintaining its political supremacy than with driving the Japanese out of China."

Stated baldly, this charge appears extreme. But it has been apparent for more than a year that China was not contributing as much to the war as might reasonably be expected in view of its immense natural and human resources. Although the military defeats that China has suffered in the past four or five months may be attributed in part to lack of help from abroad, they also reflect incompetence within the army, grave internal economic weaknesses, and basic political disunity. These weaknesses, I hasten to add, were at the top. No soldier is braver or more self-sacrificing than the Chinese common soldier. But the leadership left much to be desired. Several of the military commanders who fled before the Japanese advance or otherwise disobeyed orders have been executed. And apart from the laxity of a few generals, there has been a grave lack of coordination in the Chinese defense due to disorganization in the General Staff. In some instances Central Government troops have been dispatched to imperiled areas without the knowledge of field commanders; in others the appeals of local commanders for reinforcements have gone unheeded. Many of the troops called on to face the invader were untrained and poorly led, lacking arms and munitions, ill-clothed, and undernourished.

In the Honan campaign, where the Japanese first broke through for a decisive victory, the effects of years of political misrule were clearly discernible. Local Chinese peasants, angered by the seizure of grain and transport and by being impressed for forced labor, rose in protest and disarmed their own soldiers, first individually and then in groups. It is estimated that 50,000 rifles were seized by the peasants under the slogan, "Better the soldiers of Japan than the soldiers of Tang En-po." Many of these rifles are now being used by the peasants in guerrilla fighting against the Japanese.

Faced by constant evidence of military and political disorganization among the Chinese forces, the American government has long sought for a way to strengthen Chinese resistance without taking sides in China's factional struggles. The loss of tens of millions of dollars' worth of vital munitions in Burma due to graft and inefficiency within the Chincse supply organization made it clear that the task of helping China was far more complicated and hazardous than that of helping Britain or Russia. It was not enough to manufacture and ship the needed supplies; they had to be delivered where they would be used in the war against Japan. In order to make sure that lend-lease aid went where it would do the most good, supplies were consigned to General Stilwell. Since modern weapons are virtually useless in the hands of Chinese soldiers who have not been trained in modern military techniques, Stilwell naturally distributed such supplies as he received to the armies which cooperated most closely with the American military advisers. The old-line militarists resented this and undoubtedly were largely responsible for Chiang Kai-shek's demand that the distribution of lend-lease be placed in his hands.

UNITY BEGINS AT HOME

Stilwell's control over lend-lease shipments was, however, at best a negative precaution. It has long been evident that if China is to be made a base for large-scale military operations against Japan, some sort of plan for collaboration will have to be worked out between the Kuomintang and the Communist or partisan forces. The United States needs bases in the north of China as well as in the areas controlled by Chungking. And the Kuomintang blockade of the partisan areas has not only immobilized some half-million of Chiang's best troops but deprived nearly as many well-trained partisans of needed arms and equipment. President Roosevelt is reported to have urged Chiang Kai-shek at the Cairo conference to seek an early settlement with the partisans, and he may well have pointed out at that time that if China were united we would have a strong inducement for stepping up our assistance substantially. Although Kuomintang-partisan negotiations were started early in 1944, the months passed without progress. Impatient at the delay, the President sent Major General Patrick Hurley and Donald M. Nelson to Chungking to work out a basis for more effective collaboration between China and the United States. With a view to revitalizing Chinese resistance, Hurley and Nelson are reported to have urged Chiang to reorganize his Cabinet so as to eliminate members of the reactionary clique that have been obstructing the war effort and bring in representatives from the partisans and the democratic groups both inside and outside the Kuomintang. Since none of the Kuomintang leaders seemed willing to cooperate militarily with the partisans, Hurley is said to have proposed that an American general, presumably Stilwell, be given an over-all command.

Chinese spokesmen have given varying explanations for the rejection of these proposals. Some said that China was willing to cooperate with the United States in any reasonable program but that it refused to submit to "dictation." Later,

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Foreign Minister T. V. Soong officially repudiated such statements by denying that this country had made any demands on China. Soong declared that American-Chinese relations were never better and expressed the belief that they would become even closer in the future.

Unfortunately, there seems to be little ground for such an optimistic interpretation of recent developments. None of the basic difficulties have been ironed out. Chungking has taken none of the steps which are necessary for an improvement in China's war effort. Despite a storm of criticism from both within and without China directed against the confusion and inefficiency in the Chinese High Command, no fundamental reorganization of that group has been undertaken. General Ho Ying-chin, who has been suspected of defeatist tendencies for more than a decade, remains as War Minister and directs important shifts in military personnel. General Chen Cheng, regarded by Americans as the ablest of the Chinese generals, has been removed from a front-line command and sent to a post where his chief duty appears to be that of "watching" the Communists. The production of war supplies within China has fallen to a small fraction of the country's potential output.

While Chiang has asked Donald M. Nelson to set up a War Production Board in China to speed production, he has failed to deal with the fundamental problems of speculation, hoarding, usury, and excessive taxation of the peasantry—practices which have been the principal factors obstructing output. In fact, many observers doubt whether Chiang has the power, without a military reorganization or support from abroad, to combat the landlord-moneylender bloc which has come to dominate the Kuomintang regime. The immense speculative profits made possible through inflation and scarcity of goods have strengthened the already large economic and political influence of this reactionary group. According to the *Ta Kung Pao,* China's leading newspaper, it has used this increased power to prevent the government from instituting the measures necessary to increase production or bring inflation under control.

This group has also undoubtedly been influential in blocking a settlement between the Kuomintang and the partisans. For while the reasons usually cited to account for the breakdown of Kuomintang-partisan negotiations involve such matters as the distribution and size of the partisan army and guaranties of democratic rights for minorities, the basic issue is that of agrarian reform.

The success of the partisan land policies has introduced a new and dynamic element into the Chinese political picture. Until the past few months most Americans have known little

WITH THE UTMOST REVERENCE FOR YOUR EXCELLENCIES' FAULTLESS JUDGEMENT, MAY I HUMBLY SUGGEST THAT THE — !! —— × !! —— !!! ····· !! ·· JAP IS ··· !! OVER THERE.
OPS. AGAINST "THE REDS"

DIPLOMATIC COURTESY IN CHINA

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about developments in the so-called Communist or partisan areas of the northwest. The blockade maintained by Chungking armies prevented newspapermen or Western government officials from visiting the region. This summer, however, the blockade was lifted sufficiently to permit the entry of a few press representatives and military observers. They report that agricultural conditions in the partisan areas are much more satisfactory than those prevailing in the region under Kuomintang control. The improvement has been achieved chiefly by lightening the burden of taxation, rent, and interest charges. In the partisan areas taxes are levied in accordance with ability to pay. Twenty per cent of the families with the lowest incomes are exempt from taxation. For the rest, taxes average only about 14 per cent of total income —an unprecedentedly low figure for China. Rents have been lowered, and interest charges cut drastically. Local councils fix the amount of taxes which each person must pay, thus making corruption on the part of tax collectors virtually impossible. Local officials are chosen by the local population and serve without remuneration. Not more than a third of those holding office may be Communists. Soldiers are required to till the fields and make such of their clothes as are not provided by the cooperatives.

The effect of these reforms may be seen in the friendly relations between the peasants and the army in the partisan areas. All the American observers agree that morale is incomparably higher than in Kuomintang Free China. Hundreds of thousands of peasants have been organized into a volunteer armed militia which is actively engaged in guerrilla operations against the Japanese. Although the guerrillas are not well enough equipped to inflict serious damage on the railways or the heavily fortified Japanese centers, they have effectively prevented the invaders from extending their control over the countryside and thus robbed them of the economic fruits of occupation. Significantly enough, nearly all the guerrilla operations against the Japanese are under partisan leadership. Chungking has not only been reluctant to make the reforms needed to win the support of the peasants but has hesitated to distribute arms to the people.

American military observers who have visited the partisan areas have been impressed by both the skill and the vigor with which the guerrilla campaign is conducted. The friendliness with which they have been received has convinced them that effective American-partisan military cooperation could easily be worked out if it were not for Chungking's opposition.

POSSIBLE SOLUTIONS

The recent revelations of the strength and virility of the partisan regime and the failure of Stilwell's efforts to revitalize Chungking's war effort and close the breach between the two Chinas came just as many observers were urging a reconsideration of basic American policy toward China. The United States naturally looks forward to the development of a strong, democratic China as a bulwark of peace in the Far East. Such a China would provide an outlet for American capital and an expanding market for American goods. The pattern of the Kuomintang's post-war economic projects is frankly nationalistic and restrictive in character. Plans call for the development of huge government-controlled industries but pay comparatively little attention to the agricultural reforms that are necessary to increase the buying power of the Chinese masses. It is a pattern that has already worked disaster in Japan. Under such circumstances even the restoration of Manchuria with its vast industrial resources would seem to offer little benefit either to the Chinese people or to long-range American interests.

In considering whether the United States should continue unqualified support of the Kuomintang regime, it should be remembered that this regime has undergone an unfortunate shift in orientation since the early days of the war. In prewar China the industrialists, bankers, and traders of the port cities were the dominant power in the Kuomintang. By and large, this group was progressive in the sense that it had a world view and wished to see China develop along the lines of the Western economic pattern. When Shanghai, Nanking, Canton, Hankow, and Hongkong fell to the enemy, the individuals in this dominant group either remained in occupied China or lost their property and their influence. Power then passed into the hands of men whose wealth lay in the interior, chiefly large landowners and merchants. Since this group is desirous above all else of perpetuating its power, its interests tend to clash sharply with those of the American business, philanthropic, and educational circles concerned with China's modernization and development.

In view of the many obstacles to collaboration with China, numerous Americans, particularly in military circles, feel that we should abandon the effort and use all our resources to support the combined sea and island offensive which has been so successfully started by Admiral Nimitz and General MacArthur. From a strictly military view such a proposal may have merit—although even this is doubtful: Japan has built up a powerful military and industrial base in Manchuria and other parts of occupied China which conceivably might hold out after the Japanese islands had been conquered. No one knows just how stubborn Japanese last-ditch resistance will be, but if we want to make sure of a quick and decisive victory, it would seem essential that we find a way of working with the Chinese people. Moreover, we shall have to live with China after the war. If we abandon it in its hour of need, we can hardly expect its aid in post-war security and trade arrangements even if its internal political difficulties are settled.

The failure of Stilwell's efforts leaves us with three possible lines of action in the search for a workable basis of cooperation: (1) we could yield to Chungking's demands and increase our aid to China as much as is physically possible —recognizing that this aid would be used to strengthen the Chungking regime against partisan China; (2) we could throw our support to partisan China on grounds similar to those which led to the recognition and support of Tito in Yugoslavia; (3) we could endeavor to collaborate as fully as possible with both Chungking and the partisans, continuing our efforts to bring about a settlement of the differences between the two groups. Many practical difficulties would be met in following any of these courses. These difficulties and the relative merits of each course will be explored in an early issue of *The Nation*.

[*The first of two articles on the crisis in China. The second, by Kate Mitchell, editor of* Amerasia, *will appear in the issue of December 9.*]

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How the Negroes Voted

BY HENRY LEE MOON

ALTHOUGH no particular segment of the electorate can completely justify the claim of being *the* decisive factor in an election, an analysis of the returns indicates the important role of Negro voters in the reelection of Franklin D. Roosevelt. The Negro vote is today more necessary to the success of a Presidential candidate than the vote of the solid South. It is also a more intelligent and more independent vote. Its geographical distribution gives it a strategic advantage. The 168 electoral votes of the seven states in which Negroes contributed substantially to the margin of victory for the Democratic candidate outweigh the 127 votes of the eleven states composing the solid South.

Ardently wooed by both major parties during the preelection campaign, the Negro chose to remain loyal to the New Deal, under which he has made great gains in employment, social welfare, housing, and political recognition. Returns from large industrial centers in seven states show that the President carried the Negro districts by substantial majorities, outrunning Governor Dewey approximately four to one in New York, Pittsburgh, and Detroit, two to one in Chicago and Philadelphia, and three to two in Baltimore and St. Louis.

The President's majority in wards of greatest Negro concentration exceeded the margin by which he won the states of Maryland and Michigan. This vote was also essential to the Roosevelt victory in New York, Pennsylvania, Missouri, New Jersey, and Illinois, representing a substantial proportion of the number of ballots by which these states were won. Without the 168 electoral votes of these seven states the President could not have been reelected. On the other hand, loss of the entire South as a consequence of the threatened "Southern revolt" would not have defeated him.

The following table shows the Presidential vote in districts of heaviest Negro concentration, together with the pluralities by which Presidential Roosevelt carried the states. For the most part, only the larger cities are listed. In each of these cities many Negro voters live in predominantly white wards, and of course there are whites who live in predominantly Negro districts. In Illinois if the Negro vote downstate were added to that in Chicago, the total would probably top the margin of victory.

	Vote in Negro Districts		*Roosevelt's*
	Dewey	*Roosevelt*	*State Plurality*
Philadelphia	18,580	35,740	
Pittsburgh	3,906	16,150	
Pennsylvania	22,486	51,890	50,130
New York City	49,500	182,200	
Buffalo	2,970	6,560	
New York	52,470	188,760	316,013
Chicago	66,630	121,650	
Illinois	66,630	121,650	142,400
Baltimore	28,000	49,790	
Maryland	28,000	49,790	16,000
Detroit	10,680	41,740	
Michigan	10,680	41,740	19,756
St. Louis	18,350	29,600	
Kansas City	2,093	5,298	
Missouri	20,443	34,898	31,984
Newark	5,700	16,150	
Trenton	1,500	5,000	
Camden	543	3,675	
Atlantic City	1,200	3,375	
Passaic	20	480	
New Jersey	8,963	28,780	26,573

The Negro vote was also an important factor in Delaware, Kentucky, Connecticut, and West Virginia—all in the Roosevelt column—as well as in Ohio, which the President lost by a narrow margin, and in Indiana. Migration of tens of thousands of Negroes to the war-production centers on the West Coast has given their vote new importance in California, Washington, and Oregon.

When, in 1932, Negroes broke loose from their traditional Republican moorings, they voted against President Hoover not only because they had suffered in the depression but also because Hoover had veiled but thinly his contempt of the race. Four years later they voted overwhelmingly for Roosevelt because of his program of relief, labor, and social legislation. In 1940 Roosevelt was still the favorite, but his majorities in Negro districts were not so great as in 1936. Returns from the predominantly Negro wards in Philadelphia indicate that this trend continued in 1944. In the preceding election these wards gave the President 43,400 votes as against 20,800 for Willkie; this year the vote was 35,740 for Roosevelt and 18,500 for Dewey.

While the Negro voter's disadvantaged position in American life presents him with certain special problems, he is also concerned with the issues that confront the American people as a whole. Peace and employment are as vital to him as to any other citizen. He is for a conclusive victory in the war, a realistic foreign policy designed to assure a lasting peace, a post-war program for full production and employment. As a Negro, he considers three issues of particular importance—the treatment of colored men and women in the armed services, the establishment of a permanent Fair Employment Practices Committee, and enactment of fed-

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eral anti-poll-tax legislation. The Republican platform promised a Congressional investigation of discrimination in the armed services, indorsed a permanent FEPC, and advocated the elimination of the poll tax through adoption of a Constitutional amendment. The Democratic platform was either silent on these questions or dealt in broad generalities.

The Republicans carried on a vigorous campaign to regain the Negro vote. They exploited the just grievances of many Negro soldiers. They sought to link the President, and even Mrs. Roosevelt, with Rankin and Bilbo and other Negro-hating, anti-New Deal Southern Democrats. They revived and circulated the Klan smear against Senator Truman.

All this was good ammunition. Why, then, did the Republicans fail so miserably to win Negro support? Primarily because their campaign was hollow, transparent, and unconvincing. Jim Crow prevailed in the armed forces under Republican administrations long before Mr. Roosevelt became President. Corrective steps, still inadequate, were taken by the President over the bitter opposition of army and navy brass hats. Mr. Dewey's plea for a permanent FEPC sounded empty when his scuttling of a bill to create a New York State FEPC was recalled. Likewise his advocacy of states' rights gained him no votes among Negroes, who realized that under that doctrine the South would be permitted to continue its discriminatory practice without federal intervention. The proposal for a constitutional amendment to abolish the poll tax was a transparent fraud. And every Negro knows that his most hateful enemies are also the enemies of the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, who have tried to improve the status of the race.

Ineffective as were the efforts of the Republicans, there was need for an organized counter-campaign to clarify the basic issues. The Democratic National Committee was active in Negro communities in many industrial cities, but the principal drive was made by the C. I. O. Political Action Committee and its affiliated organization, the National Citizens' P. A. C. The half-million Negro members of the C. I. O. unions were approached through the regular trade-union channels. An intensive effort were made in cities to reach the entire Negro community. More than four and a half million pieces of literature were distributed. Thousands of volunteers were enlisted to canvass the neighborhoods. Outstanding Negro leaders indorsed the President and worked for his reelection through the National Citizens' P. A. C. Although the two Negro papers with the largest circulation went over to the Republicans, there was articulate and loyal support from more progressive publications, including two which for many years had supported only Republican candidates.

The help which the P. A. C. had contributed to the elimination from Congress of some of the worst Negro-baiters—Joe Starnes, Cotton Ed Smith, Martin Dies, and others—was an asset of incalculable value. A further advantage was the resentment against the Republicans aroused by the appeal to prejudice in their strictures on the chairman of the C. I. O.-P. A. C. But the most effective campaigner was the President himself. His unequivocal settlement of the Philadelphia transit strike, which was directed against the upgrading of Negro workers, was far more effective than any words of Governor Dewey's. This was followed by a declaration in favor of a permanent FEPC and a plea for the removal of all racial and economic restrictions upon the ballot. In addition, the President took steps to curb the vicious Jim Crow practices in the armed services, opening the WAVES and SPARS to Negro women, abolishing segregation in the transportation and recreational facilities of army posts, and rescinding an army order for the establishment of Jim Crow redistribution centers for returning veterans. Negroes also approved the President's reaffirmation of adherence to the New Deal and his advocacy of expanded social-security and public-housing programs.

Now that it has been demonstrated that the Negro vote was essential to the President's victory, Negro and progressive organizations will undoubtedly intensify the drive to eliminate Jim Crow from all phases of American life. No longer faced with the need for appeasing the reactionary elements which thrive on race hatred, President Roosevelt is in a position to make an aggressive fight for a wholesome, all-inclusive democracy in which the rights and privileges of no American are abridged by reason of class, color, race, creed, or national origin. In such a fight he may anticipate the support not only of Negroes and other minority groups but of the progressive forces in organized labor, the real liberals in the South and North, and forward-looking religious leaders.

New Times, New Homes

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

London, November 3

JUST before setting out for Moscow, Mr. Churchill told the Commons that a sharp division of opinion within the government regarding the compensation clauses of the Town and Country Planning bill, then in its committee stage, compelled him to ask for withdrawal of that part of the measure to allow time for negotiation of a compromise. The request led to a long and heated debate, for the principle at stake—that land acquired for the development of "reconstruction areas" should be paid for on the basis of its value on March 31, 1939—had long ago been publicly accepted by the government. Any revision of the formula, it was felt, would delay the rebuilding of bomb-devastated areas, encourage holdouts by speculators, and add enormously to the cost of reconstruction. Already, as the Prime Minister himself admitted, Labor members had made generous concessions to the demands of the landlords. The final showdown on the diehards' amendment for increased compensation came on October 25 and resulted in a decisive defeat for the Tories. Now the Town and Country bill has passed its three readings in the Commons and is before the Lords for its second reading.

Aside from winning the war, housing is today the paramount concern of the British people. That was made clear to me recently when I paid visits to two very different parts of the metropolitan area. In Limehouse, a wholly working-class area built around the docks, I saw both the legacy of the 1940-41 blitz, in which this district was a particularly heavy sufferer, and the more recent results of the robot-bomb

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attacks. The remains of the buildings destroyed in the earlier period had of course long been cleared up. Now all that is to be seen is a huge stretch of waste land with more wild flowers than Limehouse has known since the Industrial Revolution turned its green meadows into some of the most congested slums in the world.

When the Town and Country bill becomes law, the local authorities in this and similar districts will be provided with power to purchase such areas as a whole and will be able to plan their full redevelopment, deciding what portions shall be reserved for homes, schools, open spaces, what set aside for commercial and industrial purposes. Moreover, since the standards being adopted involve the displacement of a considerable part of the former population, the authorities will be enabled to acquire such additional areas as will be needed to provide for the surplus. The situation brooks no delay. At present the people of Limehouse are living doubled up in patched dwellings. Moreover, some 50 per cent of the children are still evacuated, and thousands of workers are temporarily reassigned to other port areas. These East Enders are warmly attached to their native ground, and nearly all of them will want to return as soon as possible. Thus the authorities must have plans well in hand so that construction can be started the moment man-power and materials become available.

My second visit was to the ancient and independent county borough of Croydon, a "dormitory" town on the southern outskirts of London. There I was taken on a tour by Town Clerk Ernest Taberner and Borough Engineer Bost, who were anxious to show me both the extent of the problem caused by the bombing and the very efficient and far-sighted plans which the borough council had developed. Croydon has suffered a double dose of high explosives. It was the first town in England to be attacked, and from August, 1940, to April, 1944, it received 2,621 bombs, in addition to innumerable incendiaries. During this period some 1,200 houses were destroyed and 523 people were killed. Then, between June and August of this year, it experienced as heavy a concentration of flying bombs as any district in southern England. I was shown a map on which black dots marked the spots where robots had fallen. Altogether there were 141 such spots, with the heaviest concentration in the most populated parts of the borough. Fortunately the death roll was much lighter than in the blitz, totaling 211, but owing to the extensive nature of the blast, property damage was much greater. Some 1,400 houses were completely demolished, and 54,000 others were damaged more or less seriously—three out of every four.

As I was able to see, the pattern of destruction wrought by the flying bombs in the closely built areas was almost uniform. Ten to twenty houses in the immediate neighborhood were laid flat. Those within a radius of one to two hundred yards were extensively damaged, with roofs usually removed, window frames and doors blown out, and interior partitions collapsed. Less serious damage was likely to be experienced by most of the houses within a half-mile radius.

It is obvious that with winter setting in, a town like Croydon has, apart from the long-term rehousing problem, the immediate problem of shelter. This is being tackled energetically, with repair gangs from outside supplementing local labor. But accommodation must also be found for these gangs. One solution is the provision by the government of temporary hutments of the kind used for army barracks, which will be erected on cleared bomb sites. In addition, Croydon is seeking 1,500 "portal houses"—mass-production jobs intended to remain not more than ten years. Finally, plans for permanent homes are in a comparatively advanced state, and Croydon officials are proud of the fact that they have been able this week to start clearing the site and installing utilities for one big municipal estate, even though actual construction cannot be started for some time. Altogether it is estimated that the borough requires in the next ten years something like 12,000 houses, or about a fifth of the existing number, to replace those bombed, to provide for the normal growth of the population, and to allow for rehousing the occupants of substandard dwellings.

In the Wind

OF ALL THE RESORT HOTELS in the country, Governor Dewey chose the Cloister at Sea Island Beach, Georgia, for his post-campaign vacation. A *Nation* reader informs us that last summer the hotel had prominently displayed on its registration desk a sign which read, "Catering to a Gentile Clientele Only." The New York office of the hotel assures us that the sign is still there.

IN *THE NATION* of November 4 Joseph Wood Krutch wrote, "No doubt the members of that class which hates to see money wasted by any class except its own will soon be talking about theater tickets the way it once talked about silk shirts." In the New York *Times* magazine section of November 5 Channing Pollock wrote, "When I left Broadway, or not long before that, it hadn't begun to look like the Bowery. After performances it was thronged with people of means and culture. A wise workman in the theater would look at an audience of soiled-shirt wearers and gum chewers and decide that since, obviously, they couldn't pay for orchestra seats, the management must be packing the house. Today almost nobody else can afford orchestra seats."

LOUELLA PARSONS, a Hearst Hollywood columnist, on the future of Europe: "One of the first steps in educating the people of the liberated countries will be to show them American films. More than 50 per cent of the stars of today never have been seen by these enslaved unhappy folk."

FESTUNG EUROPA: The German underground is distributing a sticker showing a black swastika partly hidden by a translucent cross. The caption reads, "A free Germany under Brüning." . . . The Stockholm *Aftonbladet* says fake obituary notices of important Nazi officials are beginning to appear in German newspapers, apparently as a step toward the formation of an underground Nazi movement after the war.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Himmler and the Volkssturm

BY HERBERT ROSINSKI

IF WE are to believe the Nazi propaganda machine, the new *Volkssturm* which the Nazi leaders have organized with frantic haste by drafting all men between sixteen and sixty not yet in the armed services has given an entirely different complexion to the military situation. Created out of the new spirit of total resistance and embodying the deepest moral and material energies of the German people, it is described as the solid rock upon which the enemy onslaught will dash itself to pieces. While press and radio repeat this theme in endless variations, German communiqués refer in glowing terms to the successes of these newly formed units in the defense of the East Prussian bastion.

But all the talk about the value of the new force has been unable to conceal its actual weaknesses, which were in fact indicated in the very speech in which Heinrich Himmler announced its formation. Speaking at Königsberg, where the uprising against Napoleon started in the spring of 1813, Himmler recalled that desperate national emergency and linked the *Volkssturm* to the revolutionary levy of the *Landsturm,* which, he said, had saved the country at that time. He quoted from the edict creating the *Landsturm* a paragraph about fighting with every kind of improvised weapon —clubs, scythes, and pikes—and promised to Germany's present enemies a "people's war" equal to the "deeds of our fathers," to be waged from every house and every hedge, a struggle in which even women and girls would participate.

Though this rhetorical appeal to the memory of past victories was undoubtedly effective, the role which Himmler attributed to the *Landsturm* is a pure fiction. The war against Napoleon was waged and won by the regular forces. The *Landsturm* had not even come into existence when the Battle of Leipzig was fought. The few half-hearted attempts to establish it in the parts of Prussia most directly threatened by the French had scant success. Complaints about its "unpatriotic and unmilitary spirit" were unceasing, and less than three months after its formal proclamation the *Landsturm,* for all practical purposes, had to be scrapped.

Of course Himmler, who is an expert on guerrilla warfare, is perfectly aware of the historical facts. No one knows better than he the pitiful role played by the *Landsturm,* and no one can entertain fewer illusions about the military value of its successor. Since all able-bodied men to the age of fifty had already been called up, or if working in war industries were being rapidly transferred to the regular army, the *Volkssturm* is necessarily largely composed of men between fifty and sixty, with a sprinkling of sixteen- and seventeen-year-old boys. Many of the older men may have had some military training and experience in the last war, but they are entirely unfamiliar with new weapons and tactics. And since most of them are still doing some kind of war work and are soldiers only "on the side," they are not likely to profit much from the limited training they can acquire in their spare time. Moreover, the additional strain which this training will impose upon them is bound to show both in their regular work and their military activities.

The best that can be expected from such hastily improvised part-time levies, inadequately trained and poorly armed, is that they will serve as a kind of stop-gap for the regular line troops—at the price of inordinately high losses. That has apparently been their function in East Prussia, where a singularly sturdy peasantry, passionately attached to its native soil, has been spurred by the fear of bolshevism to exceptional efforts. But units so formed are definitely not able to stand on their own feet; still less are they capable of the type of warfare stressed in Himmler's speech—guerrilla fighting behind the enemy lines—which requires the highest degree of stamina, initiative, resourcefulness, and cohesion.

If that is the case, if the military value of the *Volkssturm* is strictly limited and hardly likely to compensate for the disturbances it will cause in war production and the resentment it will provoke, why has it been instituted at all? The answer to this question lies in the opportunity it offers Himmler to extend his control over a section of the home front which has so far escaped him. All official statements about the *Volkssturm* emphasize the fact that its members, while on duty, will enjoy the status of regular members of the armed forces and be entitled to the same indemnities in case of death or disablement; at the same time, of course, they will be subject to martial law and under the military orders of their officers. The implications of this fact become clear when we note that the *Volkssturm* is to be a purely party organization, commanded by the *Gauleiters* and staffed exclusively by officers from the party forces—the S. A., the S. S., the Nazi Motor Corps, the Todt Organization, and so forth. Himmler has once again acted on the old Nazi principle that no group of people can be considered really "safe" until it has been brought under the control of the Old Guard of the party.

The significance of this move can be properly appreciated only if we realize that the activities of the Nazi leaders today are directed not so much toward averting defeat, which they know they cannot do, as toward preparing for the coming underground struggle. In other words, the creation of the *Volkssturm* is not only a police measure for keeping the home front in line during the present crisis but a long-range effort to tighten the party's hold on the German people against the day when its power will outwardly have been destroyed by the Allied armies of occupation. For the latter purpose it would be difficult to devise a better instrument than this semi-civilian, semi-military "people's army," divided into local, hence permanent, units, easy to camouflage, extremely difficult to break up. Through such a force almost

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the entire nation can be organized in advance in an "army of national resistance" under party leadership and thus be led easily from the open warfare of the present to the underground struggle of the future, with its passive obstructionism and active sabotage.

That something of this kind is the Nazis' ultimate purpose in creating the *Volkssturm* is indicated not only by Himmler's otherwise inexplicable effort to link it with the non-existent achievements of the *Landsturm* but also by the assiduity with which he and the whole Nazi propaganda corps are striving to assure to themselves control of the ideology as well as the organization of the clandestine German resistance. By proclaiming the *Volkssturm* as the special concern of the party, they are plainly trying to eliminate in advance the possible influence of any other group.

Democracy without Police

BY GUNNAR LEISTIKOW

ON SEPTEMBER 19, 1944, the Germans disbanded and disarmed the entire Danish police force, composed of 12,000 men, and shipped a large number of its members to German concentration camps. The move met stiff resistance; police headquarters in Copenhagen were defended for four hours. The Germans used a variation of their famous "innocent-tourist" trick, filling the inner rooms with men who pretended to be looking for lost articles. When the fighting began, these men suddenly brandished guns in the rear of the defenders. But even with inside assistance, the Germans had to bring up light artillery before the Danes could be subdued.

It is ironical that the Germans were forced to resort to arms, for they had themselves given guns to the Danish police. Before the war the patrolmen and traffic cops, then numbering about 3,200, carried only nightsticks, hidden under the wide coattails of their uniforms. A few special details carried pistols but rarely used them. Extreme pressure had to be applied by the Germans to induce the Danish authorities, in June, 1943, to equip the police with rifles and light machine-guns.

The purpose of the Germans was to use the armed Danish force, its numbers increased by an infiltration of riffraff from the Schalburg Corps (Danish Nazis), against saboteurs. The plan failed miserably. The police union refused to admit quislings into its ranks and threatened mass resignations. Patrolmen refused, as in the past, to arrest or shoot at a Dane who had not violated Danish law. In the rare cases when they were forced to fire on their countrymen, their aim was strangely inferior to their skill on the rifle range.

The Danish police were never trusted by the Nazis, and undoubtedly they were disarmed so that they could not turn against the occupying forces in the event of an Allied landing. The Nazis accused them of actively protecting saboteurs and murderers and said that while "in their capacity of respectable officials, they talked unctuously of the maintenance of order, during the night they sneaked about like criminals." The Germans also complained that the police engaged in "systematic passive resistance" and even in actual sabotage. "Various elements within the Danish police force," they said, "took active steps against the occupation authorities and even drew other sections of the population into the resistance movement." For a time, the accusation continued, "the police fleet was used officially to transfer various wanted persons to Sweden, and during the strike, when the Copenhagen population was unable to listen to foreign broadcasts because electric power was cut off, the police, by means of battery receivers, tuned in on foreign stations and spread inciting news."

As the Gestapo and the *Sicherheitspolizei* became increasingly suspicious of their Danish colleagues, relations between the Danish police and the resistance movement showed a corresponding improvement. When the Germans struck, almost half the police force disappeared into the underground.

Since September 19 Denmark has been without a native constabulary. Of course the country is full of German police, but these have their own special tasks—such as searching for the Danish policemen who have gone underground—and care little about the security of the civilian population. A difficult situation has been created, but the Danes are confident they can handle it. On September 21 the Danish Freedom Council, the supreme authority in the resistance movement, issued a proclamation calling on the people to cooperate in the national emergency. Because the Danes are by nature and education law-abiding citizens, the Council's suggestions are being meticulously carried out. Never have traffic regulations been observed more carefully. Mutual consideration has become a matter of national honor. Reckless driving is tantamount to treason.

All over the country civilians and local authorities are performing the various functions of the police. At Aalborg the riveters resolved to put an end to the black market. On September 27 a group of about 100, led by a huge blacksmith, marched through the city to a street where the black market was concentrated, beat up most of the racketeers, and confiscated large stores of goods. In many towns private citizens have organized guards to prevent burglary. These guards wear white sleeve bands and are equipped with

France Must Not Confuse the Issue

If France, fighting against Nazism by the side of the Allies, accomplishes at the same time the first democratic socialist revolution in Europe—and we believe France, and France alone, is capable of that—then France will gain a position of unrivaled prestige and influence in Europe. Progressives all over the Continent, and above all here in Britain, will look to the new France as a source of inspiration and a model. But if the French people allow themselves to be diverted from their unique and gigantic task by the hunt after the will-o'-the-wisp of great-power prestige now, if they allow the purge to be called off in the name of national unity, or the F. F. I. to be drowned in a big conscript army, then France will turn out to be unable to compete with the other world powers and will, for all the nationalist shouting, in fact remain tied to their apron strings.—The *Tribune*, London, October 20.

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sticks and whistles. At Hillered they have a former national wrestling champion as their head. One of the local guards in a Copenhagen block housing 250 persons has worked out an ingenious alarm system. Whenever a resident needs assistance, he opens a window and bangs on a pot lid with a wooden spoon. Whoever hears it opens his window and does the same thing. In no time the entire block is aroused, and any suspicious character is held for questioning.

Naturally, some criminal elements have tried to take advantage of the absence of the police. A few bank robberies and other crimes have been committed. The thieves, however, have not always got away. In the town of Helsinge three gunmen took 200,000 Kroner (about $40,000) from a bank. Pursued by private citizens in truck and on bicycles, they were caught a few miles away, given a beating, and saved from lynching only by the intervention of the local clergyman. Similar cases have been reported from all over Denmark. Sometimes the mayors have sanctioned corporal punishment, and to prevent mob abuse, sentence has been executed in a public square by professional boxers, under the strict supervision of a doctor.

The Germans have been surprised and irritated to find that a nation can do so well without police. Police-minded themselves, they find the Danes' inordinate self-control quite intolerable. After first threatening to dissolve the private and local guards, they suddenly changed their mind and suggested that these be transformed into a sort of municipal police under their supervision. On the advice of the Freedom Council the local authorities said "no thanks." They would rather have no police at all then one controlled by Germans.

The Nazis continued to arrest hostages and ship Danes to Germany. Finally the head of the Gestapo, Police General Pancke, gave up. Somewhat crestfallen, he announced on October 12 that the "police emergency" was ended and the curfew canceled.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

WHAT the circulation of the blood is to the human organism the transportation system is to a modern state. In the degree that the transportation system deteriorates, industry and the food supply must also deteriorate. The relationship is one of cause and effect.

Now the deterioration of German transportation—more precisely, of transportation in the vital industrial areas of western Germany—is proceeding inexorably; on this point we have, fortunately, information of no uncertain character. Switzerland is a neutral country, but in a sense it is a dependency of the German transportation system. Authentic news about the condition of the German railroads that lead to Switzerland is received there daily and hourly. And for several weeks the Swiss press has been reporting a very high degree of disorganization. The *Argauer Tagblatt,* for example, said on October 10:

> To travel from Berlin to the Swiss border at Basel [formerly a trip of about ten hours, over one of the main German lines] now takes nearly five days. Even the short journey from Stuttgart to Schaffhausen, formerly a matter of four hours, now takes two days. Trains are often stopped at some way station, and the passengers, without being given any reason, are compelled to wait for the next train, which never arrives on schedule. Often buses are used to transfer passengers over the gaps where the tracks have been destroyed, but buses are scarce and sometimes people have to wait till the next day.

Ten days later the situation was even worse. The *Bund,* a paper published in Berne, the Swiss capital, stated on November 3 that "since Tuesday, October 31, no trains whatever are running in the Stuttgart district, and through trains from Berlin to Switzerland can use only the Ulm-Augsburg line." A day later the Berne correspondent of the Stockholm *Aftontidningen* reported as follows:

> Since October 31 traffic from and to Stuttgart has been completely suspended. All traffic from central Germany to Switzerland is now via Augsburg and Ulm. Even on this line a journey which normally takes a few hours now lasts several days because passengers must frequently get off and walk several kilometers. Travelers from anywhere in southern Germany tell of extremely long delays caused by Allied air raids.

On the same day the Berne *Bund* announced that "during the last few days no German newspapers have arrived in Switzerland, obviously owing to transportation difficulties."

Can these conditions on the lines leading to Switzerland be considered typical of conditions in all western Germany? There is certainly no reason why the situation elsewhere should be any better. On the contrary, the Rhineland and the Ruhr—containing the heart of German industry and the untransferrable coal mines—have been bombed not less than the Stuttgart section but oftener and more heavily. We can give complete credence, therefore, to a "private report" on conditions in the Ruhr published in the Stockholm *Tidningen* of November 7:

> After forty-five days of aerial blockade the situation in the Ruhr is worse than critical. People are standing in long queues before the shops, hoping to get food of any kind. For several days now nothing but cereal soup has been obtainable. No food supplies have arrived since September 23, when the Dortmund-Ems Canal was damaged. Great efforts were made to repair this important waterway, but a new raid on November 4 destroyed everything that had been done. Some 15,000 tons of potatoes cannot be brought into the region because the railroads have been so damaged by bombings; with other vegetables and fruits, they are rotting along the way. . . . Even armament factories in the Ruhr cannot get transportation for the raw materials they need. No coke is coming in, and iron ore cannot be brought from Emden. Steel production has therefore dropped 50 per cent.

And not only has transportation *to* the Ruhr been fatally disrupted but also transportation *from* it. On this point the report makes the laconic statement: "Owing to the damage inflicted on the Mittelland Canal no coal from the Ruhr is being sent to other parts of Germany."

This column still believes, as it stated earlier, that the haulage of coal from the Ruhr is the knottiest problem that the Reich has on its hands. There is no longer any other conceivable source of supply, and if deliveries are slowed up, industry all over the country will be slowed up to the same degree. The strangling effect on war production may be felt only slowly and at first may be concealed—but it is bound to be fatal eventually.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

"ONLY A DETECTIVE STORY"

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THE detective story, so I once assumed, was read only by weary statesmen on the one hand and by the barely literate on the other. Discreet inquiry among friends and acquaintances soon revealed, however, a very different state of affairs. It is read either aggressively or shamefacedly by nearly everyone, and it must be, at the present moment, the most popular of all literary forms. "Only a detective story" is now an apologetic and depreciatory phrase which has taken the place of that "only a novel" which once moved Jane Austen to unaccustomed indignation.

My own experience with the genre began with Nick Carter and the once almost equally famous, though now almost totally forgotten, Old King Brady. It continued through Sherlock Holmes and, I believe, the very first of the Mary Roberts Rinehart *opera*. But it stopped there. Philo Vance and Ellery Queen were only dimly familiar names, while Nero Wolfe was known chiefly because he was the creation of a friend and neighbor. Dorothy Sayers and Agatha Christie attained their eminence quite unbeknownst to me, and, so far as I was concerned, Erle Stanley Gardner wrote in vain (under two different names) his five or six novels per annum. During the past twelve months, however, I have read perhaps 150 volumes, among which were included most of the accepted classics as well as a reasonable number of the run-of-the-mill tales.

Even this, I realize, leaves me still a novice, and I dare speak only because so little, relatively, has been said about so astounding a phenomenon. Even those magazines and newspapers which review this sort of writing usually do so in a special department and thus emphasize the fact that detective stories constitute some realm entirely apart. Would it not, for a change, be interesting to encourage some discussion of the "detective story" in relation to something else, to treat it as a branch of fiction or as a department of literature, while maintaining some recognition of the fact that branches and departments are not wholly unconnected?

Many a best-selling novel of the sort commonly regarded as respectable is read from mixed motives. No small proportion of the recent readers of, say, "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" and "Strange Fruit" read those books, in part at least, because they felt some compulsion to do so, some sense that it was a social obligation to be able to discuss what others were discussing. But no one feels any compulsion to read a detective story. Few discuss what they have read with their neighbors. These books are read for pure pleasure, and there is certainly some significance in that fact. Pleasure is, many would maintain, the only legitimate reason for reading any sort of belles-lettres, and it is, I would agree, at least a sounder motive than either the desire for "self-improvement" or an inability to resist social pressure.

Two arguments are sometimes advanced to prove that the detective story must be sub-literary: its authors are sometimes very prolific; and the stories themselves "follow a formula." But neither of these arguments will hold water. Copious productivity has often been one of the most striking characteristics of the great writers of fiction, and comparatively few of the outstanding detective-story writers can have written more than Balzac, Dickens, or Anthony Trollope. As for "following a formula," it would be more accurate to say that certain conventions tend to be followed, and it would certainly be pertinent to ask whether this fact is as damning as it is sometimes assumed to be. No inconsiderable part of the great literature of the world has been written within the limitations of an established tradition, and so written not because the authors lacked originality but because the acceptance of a tradition and with it of certain fixed themes and methods seems to release rather than stifle the effective working of the imagination. Perhaps instead of saying that the detective story follows a formula we should say that it has *form*, and perhaps we should go on from that to wonder whether this very fact may not be one of the reasons for its popularity at a time when the novel, always rather loose, so frequently has no shape at all.

Great popularity is not, to be sure, proof of literary excellence, but excellence does often attract great popularity. Moreover, works of art which are not good as a whole often owe their temporary vogue to some quality good in itself, and it is surely not impossible that the millions who read detective stories read them because of certain virtues more evident there than in most of the conventionally respectable novels. And it is for those virtues that I should like to see critics look, because I think it might be not only interesting but instructive to have them identified. They might even turn out to be virtues which the conventional novelist has failed to cultivate and for the lack of which his work has suffered.

To the sort of inquiry which I am proposing, the question of the extent to which detective-story writers do or do not exhibit certain of the virtues characteristic of the good novelist is quite irrelevant. No one could deny the broad statement that, in some general sense of the term, Dorothy Sayers writes very well indeed; but neither can anyone deny that certain of her almost equally popular rivals, write, in this sense, very badly. The fact that Miss Sayers is obviously a woman of cultivation and taste and that in her best work she draws character and creates atmosphere more successfully than do some quite respectable conventional novelists is of course all to Miss Sayers's credit. But since other popular detective-story writers get along very successfully without attempting anything of the sort, it is clear enough that the unique virtues of the genre are not these. Obviously the detective story has some characteristic appeal of its own.

The simple statement that men evidently love puzzles and

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violence has been repeated so often that it has come to seem almost meaningless, and the fact remains that if this supposedly "natural" taste is to be posited, one still wonders why one particular way of satisfying it should have developed at this particular time. Despite all that one can say about Poe and Wilkie Collins or even Conan Doyle, who is, of course, the true begetter of the modern manner, the contemporary detective story is rather different from anything written before. There are some hundreds of volumes every one of which is immediately recognizable as having been written within a very definite period, beginning, I should guess, about 1925, when the contemporary genre first defined itself.

A few months ago Louise Bogan, introducing the subject in the pages of *The Nation* for what may have been the first time in history, suggested the ingenious theory that the essential element was an element of dread which corresponds to a nameless sense of apprehension characteristic of men living in our insecure civilization. She suggested that this element might gradually detach itself and by so doing give rise to a new and terrible sort of fiction. She implied, if I understand her aright, that Mr. Queen, to take an example, is really an unconscious Kafka or Kierkegaard *manqué*. But in actual fact apprehension is not by any means evoked in all detective stories. It is characteristic of some and serves to mark a sub-species, but the story in which the reader identifies himself with the detective rather than with either the criminal or his victim is at least equally common, and in such stories dread may often be entirely absent as one follows the sleuth in what is to him simply a matter of practicing his profession. If, for example, Mrs. Eberhart, Mr. Hammett, and Mr. Chandler frighten their readers, and if Mr. Gardner manages usually to combine two formulas by personally involving his lawyer-detective in dangerous adventures, many other of the most successful writers—S. S. Van Dine, Mr. Queen, Miss Sayers, Miss Christie, and Miss Allingham, for example—usually either employ dread as a very minor element in their effect or, by avoiding it completely, make the detective story one of the most detached and soothing of narratives.

Miss Bogan's suggestion remains interesting and provocative, but I doubt that her explanation is all-inclusive. There are, I suspect, simpler, less subtle reasons why thousands go to the detective story for some sort of satisfaction and relaxation which they find less often in more pretentious novels, and I am wondering if it does not commonly exhibit certain of the very elementary virtues of prose fiction which the serious novelist began utterly to despise just about the time that the detective-story writer stepped in to steal a large section of the reading public away from him. When Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet," it was "only a play." When Jane Austen wrote "Emma" it was "only a novel." And while I am very far from suggesting that any of the detective stories which I have read are "Hamlets" or "Emmas," I am suggesting that the fiction writer is in some ways better off and more successful when his public regards the reading of his works as a dubious self-indulgence than when the reading is regarded as a cultural duty.

Perhaps the "serious" novelist has tended to become, in some bad sense, too serious; perhaps, that is to say, he has tended to cultivate certain virtues and to pursue certain ends which, while laudable in themselves, are incompatible with the primary virtues of fiction or, if not quite that, have at least led him to be careless of, if not actually hostile to, these same primary virtues. We have grown accustomed to having reviewers say first of all that a novel is "important" or that it isn't, and to relegate, perhaps to the last paragraph, an expression of mild regret that some "important" novel or other is also structurally formless, stylistically inchoate, and pretty confusing as to intention. Even when such criticism is not made, the terms of praise are terms which do not necessarily imply excellence as fiction. Important novels are commonly described as "dealing with a serious problem," and as being, with rather monotonous regularity, "disturbing," "bitter," "uncompromising," "stark." But a novel can easily be—in fact it very often is—all these things without being readable and without furnishing any of the satisfactions which fiction, from the time of Homer through at least the great Victorians, was generally supposed to furnish.

The distinction is often made between what one "ought" to read and what one will enjoy reading. In connection with works of instruction and information, the distinction is one which is perfectly legitimate. But when it is employed also in connection with works of belles-lettres, it is preposterous in itself and an outward sign that those who permit themselves to employ it are also assuming some real distinction between what is important and what is interesting. But to the artist no such distinction ought to be possible. In art whatever is interesting is, artistically, important; and anything which seems important but not interesting is, artistically, not really important so far as that work of art is concerned. If it is important for some other artist, that artist will make it interesting, and it might be argued that a hopeless decline in the art of writing fiction began *when the novelist willingly acquiesced in a distinction between the important and the interesting*. I doubt that Homer or Chaucer or Shakespeare or Fielding or Balzac or Dickens ever permitted himself such an error.

Certainly it is one of which the detective-story writer is never guilty. He may often fail to be interesting, but he at least acknowledges that when he does so he is failing utterly and unredeemedly. And by acknowledging that fact he is driven to seek the elementary virtues of fiction as surely as the serious novelist who is concerned only to be "important" is led to neglect and despise them.

Two millenniums and a half ago Aristotle pointed out, first, that the "fable" is the most important element in a work of fiction, and, second, that the best fables are "unified," by which, as he explains, is meant that all the parts are interrelated in such a way that no part could be changed without changing all the others. And surely the popularity of the detective story is not unconnected with the fact that, whereas many serious novels are so far from exhibiting any such unity that they sometimes can hardly be said to have any fable at all, the detective story accepts the perfectly concatenated series of events as the *sine qua non* of a usable fable. Moreover, and partly as a consequence, the form of the detective story—that is, progress from the discovery of the corpse to the arrest of the criminal—insures that it shall have that self-determining beginning and that definite conclusion upon which also Aristotle insisted. In other words, the detective story is the one clearly defined modern genre of prose fiction impeccably classical in form.

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Happy endings have of course come to seem to most people not only incompatible with "serious" fiction but also vulgar *per se*. But to those who hold this prejudice—in itself one of the most vulgar—it should be pointed out that detective stories commonly provide that particular sort of happy ending which is the most perfect of all and which may be described as "justice triumphant." Indeed, the detective story, alone of all the current forms of fiction—except, perhaps, the "Western"—generally tends to distribute what used to be called poetic justice even to minor characters, including those whose just deserts destine them to some middle state between success and failure. And if any attempt to insist that poetic justice must be administered in all fiction is to impose an almost intolerable burden, the fact remains that one source of the popularity of the detective story may be that in it poetic justice may be achieved without obvious artificiality or improbability. Dr. Johnson once observed as follows in commenting upon those who insisted on incorporating a demand for poetic justice among the "rules" of tragedy: "A play in which the wicked prosper, and the virtuous miscarry, may doubtless be good, because it is a just representation of the common events of human life, but since all reasonable beings naturally love justice, I cannot be easily persuaded that the observation of justice makes a play worse; or that, if other excellences are equal, the audience will not always rise better pleased from the final triumph of persecuted virtue."

It is not, I hope, necessary for me to add that I am not claiming for the detective story all possible virtues; I am not, as a matter of fact, actually claiming any except the very specific ones alluded to. Indeed, I am so far from urging all writers to write such stories or all readers to read nothing else that my remarks are really intended to be rather more about novels of a different sort than they are about the detective story itself. The serious novelist, it seems to me, is ill-advised either to rail against or remain indifferent to the vast popularity of what he is inclined to regard as a sub-literary genre. I am suggesting that he might be well-advised to consider whether it would be possible for him to incorporate into his own novels certain of the virtues which have won so many readers for works which, often enough, have no virtues except those which the "serious" novelist has come increasingly to scorn.

NOTES BY THE WAY

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

HENRY JAMES WAS BORN in 1843, and his centennial last year was duly celebrated in critical and commemorative plaques. I wish I could record that this homage had "beautifully bloomed" in the set of handleable, durable, and inexpensive volumes I hope sometime to have on my shelves. Such an edition would take a good deal of paper—but even so it would be necessary to cut down only a couple of trees in Brooklyn to obtain a sufficient supply. And a complete edition of a great American novelist is little enough to expect, almost thirty years after his death, from the publishers of the richest country in the world. To induce such an edition I would even exploit the American weakness for quantity. The quantity of James's writing was only second to its quality.

AT PRESENT JAMES is hard to come by. Two of his books—"The Portrait of a Lady" and "The Turn of the Screw"—are in the Modern Library. New Directions last year issued "The Spoils of Poynton." It is sometimes possible, but less possible since the James boom began a few years ago, to pick up the New York edition or scattered volumes of earlier editions. Until the war got under way one could obtain the excellent little volumes published by Macmillan in London, but printings of these have been suspended for the duration.

The list of easily available selections is fortunately now augmented by two anthologies—"The Great Short Novels," edited with an introduction and comments by Philip Rahv (Dial, $4), which contains ten pieces, and a collection of stories of writers and artists edited and introduced by F. O. Matthiessen (New Directions, $3.50). In a few months Random House will bring out an anthology of James's short stories edited by Clifton Fadiman. Here is at least a beginning.

MR. RAHV'S VOLUME is a good introduction to James. It provides a rich variety, ranging from "Daisy Miller" to "The Beast in the Jungle," and a fair sampling of James's style and subjects, particularly of his great subject, the American in Europe. Mr. Rahv's preface and comments are brief, simple, and unobtrusive. They are also informative, critically as well as factually. As a result James appears in a frame of reference which defines and sets off its subject but is refreshingly free of distracting critical scrolls and medallions.

MR. MATTHIESSEN'S ANTHOLOGY is far more specialized, comprising as it does eleven of the stories in which James dramatized, analyzed, and sported with the difference, in both senses, not only between the artist and the journalist but between the artist and the general run of mankind. By way of introduction Mr. Matthiessen himself contributes a highly intelligent essay to the discussion. Among other things, he puts to effective use the almost symbolic relationship between James, the artist, and H. G. Wells, the journalist. James had always enjoyed Wells from the bottom of his heart, though the time came when he could not admire him from the top of his mind. Their relationship had a crude climax when Wells published "George Boon, the Mind of the Race," which parodied James and attacked his insistence on method and composition. "James has never discovered," said Wells, "that a novel isn't a picture . . . that life isn't a studio." He said that James's people were "eviscerated" and had nothing to do with living human beings. James was deeply hurt. His reply was firm and self-assured. "It is art that *makes* life, makes interest, makes importance . . . and I know of no substitute whatever for the force and beauty of its process." Wells, who asserted at this point that he would rather be called a journalist than an artist, said that he could only make sense of James's answer by assuming "that you are using 'art' for every conscious human activity. I use the word for a research and attainment that is technical and special." To Wells, in other words, James's art was a fine sarcophagus containing the remains of life; to James it was the organic force which gives form and meaning to inchoate experience as the life force gives body and mobility to a mess of chemical elements.

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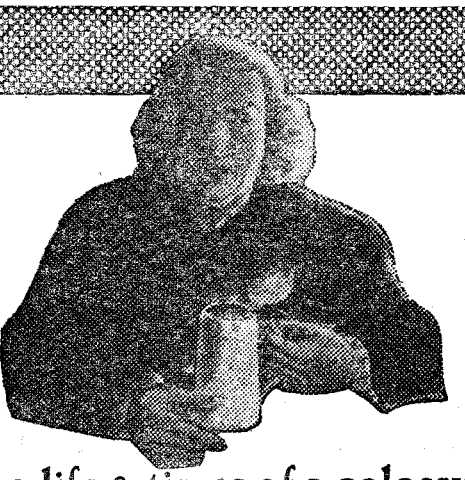

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The relationship between the two men likewise provides a commentary on the opinion of Wells, and many another, that James's attitude toward life was special and limited. For it was James who in relation to Wells displayed the more inclusive and the more insatiable interest, if only because his "intellectual" view allowed for a free and exuberant enjoyment of Wells—"he makes the whole apple cart so run away that I don't care if I *don't* upset it and only want to stand out of its path and see it go."

James has outlived Wells. That does not prove, and James would not have claimed, that good journalism is a vain, though it is a "daily," thing. It would seem to prove at least that his own art had the breath of life and that mere vitality deprived of containing and perpetuating forms drains off like unchanneled water in a dry field.

IT WAS AN INTERESTING IDEA to gather the stories dealing with artists and writers into one volume. The best of them—"The Author of Beltraffio," "The Middle Years"—are very fine. All of them abound in keen insights, quick and sharp characterizations, broad humor, and irony turning upon itself—some of them are sheer tall tales spun by a moralist who was also a comic poet. Yet I'm afraid the singleness of subject may put off the general reader and the subject itself appear as a more obsessive preoccupation with James than it really was—these stories, in a word, would be better strewn through the complete edition I have posited. The effect may also be to accentuate the impression that James is only a writer's writer and that he got more pleasure than pain out of dwelling on the differences that divide genius and society. He did get satisfaction out of it—genius as well as non-genius requires compensations. And he was a writer's writer, though, reading him today, one wonders if that is not partly a way of saying that he was ahead of his time as all "primary" writers are. It seems to me that more Americans are more ready than at any time since James's first fleeting popularity to appreciate and be fascinated by his stories of America in Europe. The old confrontation persists, and is at the moment crucially real and immediate. And while James's stories are "period" in their surface aspects, his basic statement of the issues is still relevant and profound. As for his psychological insights, to mention another facet of his genius, they are so contemporary that they may well startle the sophisticates, lay and intellectual, of the "new" lore of human motives and behavior. Verily this is a lively sarcophagus.

SINCE I READ JAMES ONLY FOR PLEASURE, I would be the last to suggest that others "ought" to read him. What I do suggest is that he may be worth looking into. And I would like to add that the charge of "difficult" which certainly can be applied to some of his books has been carelessly flung at all of them; that it is partly a question of conditioning—the manner seems less forbidding as the matter it invigorates becomes more absorbing; and that in any case difficulty *per se* is not a very intelligent or self-flattering reason for ruling out a writer—it depends on whether the reward is worth the effort. "The faculty of attention," said James, "has utterly vanished." Pulp is easier to read than literature. And good crusty bread is "harder" to eat than the limp, sliced stuff in the mass-production package.

Krutch on Johnson

SAMUEL JOHNSON. By Joseph Wood Krutch. Henry Holt and Company. $3.75.

IN APPROACHING any new biography of Johnson no doubt it is standard practice to remark that a pretty good life of the Doctor already exists. The comment, however, won't really stretch from a wisecrack into a warning, for no writer in his senses would challenge Boswell on his own ground. And on other grounds there have always been two, and today there are three, sound reasons for further full-length studies of Johnson. To begin with, Boswell's "Life" omits a great deal about its subject that is pertinent and revealing. The "Life," again, though incomparable as portraiture, offers little interpretation, and largely ignores the writer and the critic for the talker and the man. Finally, modern research has unearthed a vast number of facts about Johnson, Boswell, Mrs. Thrale, and others that, besides having their own fascination, perceptibly alter the picture.

All these reasons are subsumed in Mr. Krutch's general approach, which is comprehensive in its use of old material and corrective in its use of new, which is focused quite as much on Johnson's writing as on his talk, and which interprets rather more than it portrays. "Samuel Johnson" has, indeed, less the special savor of a book about an enormously vivid human being than the solid character of a critical biography of an important literary man. It has Johnson's weight and a little of his wit, but hardly any of Boswell's color. To read it, with its digest of scholarship, ahead of Boswell, would, I *think*, be a little confusing; to read it in place of Boswell would hardly be judicious; but to read it after Boswell (and after Johnson) is to gain in perspective, knowledge, and understanding. It will leave the informed reader, who is yet no specialist, much better informed.

On the biographical side he will, indeed, find here—and at not too forbidding a length—all the significant facts of Johnson's life and many of the lively details; Mr. Krutch has slipped into the text an uncountable number of Johnson stories and sayings. On occasion, too, he can be a finished narrator; you could not ask for a more succinct account of either the Chesterfield episode or the history of Mrs. Thrale. As for interpretation, Mr. Krutch's feeling about Johnson the man is admirably put in the very first sentence of the book—"Samuel Johnson was a pessimist with an enormous zest for living"—and it is, of course, the right feeling, borne out by all we know and all Mr. Krutch goes on to show us. Among other things, he shows us how this grotesque figure, who simultaneously aroused "awe and amusement," had to be something of a bully to avoid being very much of a butt; and again, how this most sociable of beings was yet quite outside the world of normal affections, was always, even to those who were fondest of him, "a strange apparition rather than a man."

Nor is Mr. Krutch literal-minded about Johnson's Toryism, or too much baffled by Johnson's intellectual defense of the privileged and emotional concern for the poor. Mr. Krutch suggests that Johnson was a good deal of a "parlor white"—the opposite of a parlor pink—who took pleasure in outraging people whose liberalism he thought merely fashionable or glib. All this is plausible, even obvious; yet

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whatever poses and perversities it involves, Johnson remains a reactionary. He was a deeply humane reactionary; but to explain his motives, and even to tear off his masks, is not quite to vindicate his position. His public attitude toward politics, religion, morality, and the arts helped fight a delaying action against progress (however disappointing progress itself turned out to be); his "common sense" was as much an incentive to philistinism as a repulse of high-falutin. I say this not censoriously but only to maintain perspective; for my own delight in Johnson is boundless, and my admiration for his largeness, vigor, and benignity grows constantly greater.

To Johnson the writer Mr. Krutch devotes a great deal of space, not all of it used, perhaps, to the best advantage. Among most qualified judges Johnson's poetry and criticism stand higher today than at any other time since his own century. For that reason Mr. Krutch's attitude, at once a trifle combative and a trifle defensive, seems needless; his strictures against Romantic criticism of Johnson seem belated; and his insistence that Johnson—or rather Johnson's shortcomings—should be judged in historical terms would be better suited to a writer of more questionable stature. Mr. Krutch has done a very useful job in establishing a wide frame of reference for Johnson's ideas, but I could wish he had devoted less space to analysis and more to appraisal. I am not certain just how good a critic Mr. Krutch considers his subject. For myself, Johnson—though a great critical force and stabilizer—falls short of being a really great critic, both from his well-known aesthetic blindnesses and from an imbalance of toughness and sensibility. But I have a higher regard for Johnson's verse than Mr. Krutch has.

In his introduction Mr. Krutch remarks that two readers for whom he has great respect have accused him of "being hard on Boswell"—a charge that distresses him. Toward Boswell the man—which is what they refer to—I think he is a little cold rather than hard, being always just but not always sympathetic. If he is hard, it may rather be on Boswell the biographer. To anyone so saturated in Johnson as Mr. Krutch, what Boswell failed to do must understandably cast its shadow on what he did. But that Boswell's "naturalistic" ideal requires merely "documentation and more documentation" identifies a method better than it explains an achievement. Mr. Krutch shows that Boswell was not selective in what he jotted down, or in the use he made of his jottings; but Boswell may have been selective notwithstanding—in what he remembered. That nothing seemed too small for him to preserve does not prove that nothing seemed too dull. And what seems in Boswell like incredible slavishness is often the most astounding boldness; the way his material is organized is certainly a triumph of something more than method.

As for Mr. Krutch's own book, I do not know where else one can find so many-sided and thoughtful a study of Johnson—his life, his personality, his talk, his writing, his historical position, his biographers; perhaps only the intellectual atmosphere and the famous companions—Burke, Goldsmith, Sir Joshua—are slighted a little. To be sure, the many-sidedness has a drawback: the book fails to be outstanding on any one ground. As a "reading" biography it frequently lacks verve; as a critical one it rather lacks decisiveness. The trouble may be, on both scores, that while Mr. Krutch is not academic in his thinking, he sometimes is in his tone, in his fondness for elaborating on small points, in his now and then putting the history of criticism ahead of criticism itself. But since whole libraries have been written about Johnson, doubtless it is no longer possible for a biographer to study him face to face; and students of literature, at least, will not be too unhappy about Mr. Krutch's special concern with literary matters.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Propriety

It's a chord
like one word
  Brahms had heard
  from a bird
warbling at the root of its throat.
It's the little downy woodpecker
    spiraling a tree
    up up up like mercury.

A bird song
is not long,
  a wayside
  of hayseed
tune; a reticence with rigor
from strength at the source. Propriety's
    Bach's *Solfegietto,*
    harmonica, and basso.

The fish-spines
of fir pines—
  somber trees
  by the sea's
walls of waveworn rock—have it; and
a moonbow and Bach's cheerful firmness
    in a minor key.
    It's an owl-and-a-pussy

both-content
agreement.
  Come, come. It's
  mixed with wits;
it's not a graceful sadness. It's
resistance with bent head, like foxtail-
    millet's. Brahms and Bach,
    no; Bach and Brahms. To thank Bach

for his song
first, is wrong.
  Pardon me;
  both are the
unintentional pansy-face
uncursed by self-inspection; blackened
    because born that way;
    blackened because born that way.

MARIANNE MOORE

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BRIEFER COMMENT

Strictly One-sided

VLADIMIR NABOKOV'S "NIKOLAI GOGOL" (New Directions, $1.50) is an inadequate study of the great Russian writer. Brilliantly appreciative as Nabokov is of the grotesque side of Gogol and, indeed, of all that side of him which relates to the poetry of the irrational and the spirit of incongruity and mystification, he has no eye whatever for the social-historical and peculiarly national background of his subject. Thus he dismisses, with bad quips and worse logic, precisely those aspects of Gogol which situate him in the Russian milieu.

One recognizes in Nabokov something like a phobic fear of all critical techniques not strictly literary in reference—a fear which drives him toward the radically one-sided approach of an extreme aesthete-modernist who takes the literary act to be a phenomenon solely "of language and not of ideas." (The formulation is dashing but scarcely original, being but a belated echo of the theories advanced by the formalist school of Russian critics—Shklovsky, Zhirmunsky, *et al.*—and thoroughly refuted in their time.) Moreover, Nabokov reduces his formalist bias to a sheer absurdity when he goes so far as to state that "Gogol's heroes merely happen to be Russian squires and officials; their imagined surroundings and social conditions are perfectly unimportant factors." He is equally vehement in denying that Gogol can in any way be characterized as a realist. It is true, of course, that Gogol never deliberately set out to describe his social environment; but the fact is that his subjective method of exaggeration, of caricature and farce, produced an imagery of sloth, ugliness, and self-satisfied inferiority which is fully expressive of the realities of life in feudal-bureaucratic Russia. What Nabokov chiefly overlooks is the dynamic plebeianism of Gogol's genius. For that is what enabled him to make a new selection of material and to assimilate to the literary medium elements of everyday existence, with their low-life and vulgar details, heretofore excluded by the aristocratic conventions of Russian letters.

Yet inadequate as this study may be, it is to be recommended for its close treatment of Gogol's rhetorical power and formal devices. The writing is lively, and through his play of sensibility the author succeeds in adapting his subject to modern interests. PHILIP RAHV

"Rumor, Girls, Hopes . . ."

THERE IS SCARCELY A DOUBT that Ernie Pyle is America's favorite correspondent of this war, and that his name will become associated with it—just as Richard Harding Davis comes to mind in connection with the Spanish-American War and Floyd Gibbons in connection with the last war. The contrast between the men is significant. Davis and Gibbons were swashbucklers who made everybody out to be a dashing hero, especially themselves. War was a glamorous affair. Ernie Pyle is desperately scared, and says so in almost painful detail. He realizes that most of the soldiers are scared, too. He describes the hideousness of war with a realism which few correspondents have achieved. Ernie was doing a job which he hated but felt he had to do; and that was exactly how most of the soldiers felt about it. In fact, Ernie *is* the G. I. soldier—with the gift of expression added—the typical doughboy, wired for sound.

Of no concern to Ernie are matters of strategy, high politics, or historical trends. He is interested in how the homo Americanus behaves under the stress of war; what he talks about in relaxed moments ("rumors, girls, hopes of home, jokes, little experiences, opinions of their officers, and an occasional offhand reference to what might happen to a man in the end"). He is interested in names and street addresses and what the men hope to do after the war, which usually works out to be just what they did before. "Brave Men" (Henry Holt, $3) is essentially a continuation of "Here's Your War"; the new book takes Ernie to the front lines in Sicily, Italy, France. As before, Ernie sees all there is to see and tells about it unpretentiously. MARCUS DUFFIELD

Distrustful Neighbors

MR. HERRING'S SHORT BOOK, "America and the Americas" (Claremont College, California, $2) provides a very frank and realistic appraisal, with forecast, of the state of inter-American relations. The author begins by insisting upon the predominant colonial characteristics of Latin America. He briefly reviews the historical circumstances of Latin American economic development, with the early imperialist monopolism leading to an artificial and gravely deficient one- or two-staple agriculture, which has never, and cannot ever, sustain even a modest population above the level of wretched poverty. From this springs the political problem of dictatorship, etc. Turning to foreign relations Mr. Herring approvingly reviews the Good Neighbor policy and its war-time amplification. Nothing must cause us to blink the fact, he says, that we do not like and tend to despise Latin Americans, while they neither like nor trust us. And their distrust is not unreasonable. They still resent many features of our foreign policy and on the whole collaborate grudgingly. The new war-time "dollar diplomacy" differs radically from the old policy so described, but is far from providing sure title to gratitude or trust. In the temper implied by these recognitions Mr. Herring discusses the way in which our future policy should be handled and framed. It cannot be said that the author's discussion is conclusive, yet it is certainly thoughtful. Not for the body of fact presented, nor for the concrete utility of its results, is this book valuable, but for its candid and brisk address. RALPH BATES

American Subject

A GOOD PICTURE BOOK of the TVA was long overdue. It has arrived in "The Valley and Its People" (Knopf, $2.75), with text by R. L. Duffus and illustrations by the Graphics Department of the TVA, of which Charles Krutch is chief. The most photogenic of government achievements shines, under the good treatment of Mr. Krutch's camera and the offset press, with misty mountain ranges, fat or eroding fields, superb modern machinery, and work-worn Southern farm folk, all natural as life.

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The text is exciting too. Those who had read R. L. Duffus's newspaper feature stories on the TVA naturally expected him to lay them end to end in a book. Instead, he has done a new, compressed, and streamlined text that gains instead of suffers from following previous books, and supplements rather than competes with David E. Lilienthal's "TVA—Democracy on the March," published earlier this year. Blending harmoniously with the eye-filling pictures—Charles Krutch, chief TVA photographer, is an artist with the perfect subject—Mr. Duffus's prose takes on the easy rhythm and power that seem to flow through writing about the valley:

> For one observer, who saw the task going forward at intervals over a decade, it came in time to have the thrill of the march of an army with banners—and more than that. It was like seeing the pioneers cutting down trees in New England and Ohio. It was like watching the first plows moving across the unbroken land of Kansas. It was like coming on the first wagons moving over the South Pass. It was like history. . . . It was like victory. You wanted to take off your hat.

A happy ending to "The River," the book as a whole has the functional beauty and proportion of the TVA dams. Put it beside "The Wind That Swept Mexico" and Gerald W. Johnson's "Woodrow Wilson" as printing for the age of television. WILLSON WHITMAN

Positive, Wholesome, and Wise

WHY EVERYONE SHOULD REJOICE that the social enthusiasm of the thirties has lost caste is not clear. What we are getting instead is an epidemic of spirituality, lowbrow in the columnists, highbrow in such as Auden and Isherwood, and middle-brow in that body of writers for whom a Van Wyck Brooks speaks.

J. Donald Adams's first book, "The Shape of Books to Come" (Viking, $2.50), follows in the tracks of Oliver Allston. This survey of American literature since 1900 will not help the student of that literature, but for the social pathologist it will serve as another key to the Allstonian mind. We are again warned against esoteric aesthetes and dirty naturalists. Literature should be positive, wholesome, and wise. According to Mr. Adams, Robert Frost is the greatest living American writer and a model of style and philosophy; modernist poetry is represented in this book only by E. E. Cummings, whose idiosyncrasies are assumed to be typical. The bad boys of the novel are Dreiser, Joyce, Céline, and D. H. Lawrence. Superseding these bad influences, however, is seen a new literature that is positive, wholesome, and wise, a literature so far represented by such books as "Eyeless in Gaza," "Song of Bernadette," "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," "A Bell for Adano," "The Keys of the Kingdom," and "The Robe."

Obviously Mr. Adams's book will also be considered positive, wholesome, and wise. But it almost makes at least one reader homesick for the days before Huxley met Gerald Heard, the days before Mr. Douglas and Mr. Cronin were heard of, the days when Franz Werfel was a poet, the days when Lawrence and Joyce slapped the philistines where it hurts. Mr. Adams edited the New York *Times Book Review* from 1925 to 1943; hence the fact, unfriendly readers may think, that what he chiefly knows about books, past, present, and to come, is their shape. ERIC RUSSELL BENTLEY

China's Workers

IT WOULD BE AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE to enter a war-time factory in Kunming, live for some months with the Chinese workers in their dormitories, discuss their problems with them and also with the management, and be on hand to see difficulties as they arise and to note how they are settled. To all readers of "China Enters the Machine Age" (Harvard, $2.50) this experience can be at least vicariously enjoyed. Kuo-heng Shih, the author, has presented the results of his investigation of the labor situation in Kunming Factory, one of the larger government-administered modern plants, in terms of labor supply, wages, social accommodations, workers' budgets, morale, and efficiency. Most of the detailed material incorporated in the report was gained during the period of actual residence, from August 25 to November 10, 1940. The valuable case study itself is topped off by a substantial and most illuminating discussion of the general problem which China faces in changing from an agricultural to an industrialized country. T. A. B.

VERSE CHRONICLE

Robert Penn Warren and Others

I HOPE it is not too cheaply epigrammatic to say that, as one of T. S. Eliot's favorite themes is death by water, so one of Robert Penn Warren's is death by petrifaction. I notice that the imagery of his "Selected Poems" (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50) is strewn with stones. So too, it appears, are his native Kentucky hills, which are probably the source of his frequent mineralogical figures. But the stones are in his poetry for reasons other than local color; they mean something.

Thus he writes of "the northward hills whose final stone /In dark ogive supports the fractured loam"; of "the taciturn tall stone/Which is your fathers' monument and mark"; of "men there have lived who wrestled with the ocean . . . the polyp was their shroud"; of "the fires that in the brutal rock once strove"; of Kentucky's "lean men . . . figured in kinship to the savage stone"; of the "many ways to die/Here among the rocks." And in a remarkable recent love poem, Bearded Oaks, he has this strange geological trope:

> Upon the floor of light, and time,
> Unmurmuring, of polyp made,
> We rest; we are, as light withdraws,
> Twin atolls on a shelf of shade.

And there are in Warren's poetry almost as many bones as stones. The former are of course only an imaginative analogue of the latter, and together they signify Warren's intense preoccupation with death, the inorganic that hides out within the organic. His mind is full of those forces that pull us backward and downward—nightmares, family guilts, homesickness. And his poetry yearns strangely toward what Freud calls the "reinstatement of something earlier," the "return

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to lifelessness." In Kentucky Mountain Farm, an early genre poem but one of his best, he addresses the hill-people as follows:

> Then quit yourselves as stone and cease
> To break the weary stubble-field for seed;
> Let not the naked cattle bear increase,
> Let barley wither and the bright milkweed.
> Instruct the heart, lean men, of a rocky place
> That even the little flesh and fevered bone
> May keep the sweet sterility of stone.

Warren's morbidity, which he frankly accepts and boldly works in his poetry, informs the best of it with a true passion and terror. The best of it is contained, I think, in relatively short pieces like Bearded Oaks, Cold Colloquy, and Garden Waters, where the emotion is sufficient to itself and requires no body of general ideas to support and clarify it. The longer poems are not usually successful. The lengthy Ballad of Billie Potts is admirable as a folk narrative but weak as a philosophical poem; the interpolated passages of philosophizing are tedious and confused, the "passion" in them somehow *voulu*. Likewise The Return: An Elegy. This poem is too elaborate to succeed as a simple *cri du cœur* and too personal to be anything else; with its pointed references to a dead mother (*"the old fox is dead*/what have I said") it is even mildly embarrassing.

Warren has his troubles as a poet, but they are the troubles of an always interesting mind. His emotion is not always spontaneous, nor does he consistently possess his own personality when Donne or Marvell or Auden is around. These difficulties may be connected with what appears to be his prime problem—the conquest of such ideas as would give more meaning to his rich and complex experience. I only wish that his experience *inspired* him a little more and *haunted* him somewhat less.

Warren's stones and bones may sometimes, through lack of clarification, fail of being true literary symbolism, but they are exciting evidence of a genuine personal obsession. The images that clutter up the later verse of Muriel Rukeyser do not justify themselves even on grounds of a neurotic urgency. In her most recent book, "Beast in View" (Doubleday, Doran, $2), I can discover no passion apart from a desire to publish more poetry. The titles and the "myths" are her own and are very nice. The more essential materials of language, rhythm, and image are out of the stockroom. And what is on view here, I am afraid, is not a live beast but a dead pigeon: the corpse of "modern poetry" all prettily laid out with its wombs, flames, pillars, prisms, black roses, and webs of time beside it. Marya Zaturenska ("The Golden Mirror," Macmillan, $1.75) is likewise pretty fond of familiar poetic objects. But her properties, such as morning dew and Time with a finger at his lips and swans and urns, are old and hallowed and comparatively innocent. Moreover, the nostalgia with which Miss Zaturenska stares upon the literary past through her frequent windows, mirrors, dreams, and old pictures is a real if slight emotion. And her poems do manage to compose themselves—a little vaguely and wanderingly, it is true, like children making their way home from school. "The Golden Mirror" contains the sort of poetry which women English teachers would probably write if they were as accomplished as Miss Zaturenska. F. W. DUPEE

BOOKS OF 1944

A Selected List

BELLES-LETTRES

For the Time Being. By W. H. Auden. Random House. $2.
1 x 1. By E. E. Cummings. Holt. $2.
A Wreath for the Sea. By Robert Fitzgerald. Arrow Editions. $2.50.
The Summer Landscape. By Rolfe Humphries. Scribner's. $1.75.
Land of Unlikeness. By Robert Lowell. Cummington Press. $3.
No Road Back. By Walter Mehring. Samuel Curl. $2.
Nevertheless. By Marianne Moore. Macmillan. $1.25.
Eloges and Other Poems. By St. John Perse. Norton. $2.50.
V-Letter and Other Poems. By Karl Shapiro. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.
Selected Poems, 1923-1943. By Robert Penn Warren. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

The Hunted. By Albert J. Guerard. Knopf. $2.50.
Time Must Have a Stop. By Aldous Huxley. Harper. $2.75.
Joseph the Provider. By Thomas Mann. Knopf. $3.
The Leaning Tower and Other Stories. By Katherine Anne Porter. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
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A Treasury of American Folklore: Stories, Ballads, and Traditions of the People. Edited by B. A. Botkin. Crown Publishers. $3.
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Imaginary Interviews. By André Gide. Translated from the French By Malcolm Cowley. Knopf. $2.
Henry James, Stories of Writers and Artists. Edited with an Introduction by F. O. Matthiessen. New Directions. $3.50.
The Great Short Novels of Henry James. Edited with an Introduction and Comments by Philip Rahv. Dial Press. $4.
Stephen Hero. By James Joyce. New Directions. $3.50.
Rebellion in the Backlands. Translated from Os Sertoes by Euclides da Cunha. With Introduction and Notes by Samuel Putnam. Chicago. $5.
Men and Saints. Prose and Poetry by Charles Péguy. Rendered into English by Anne and Julian Green. Pantheon Books. $2.75.

LITERARY HISTORY, CRITICISM

The World of Washington Irving. By Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton. $3.75.
A Skeleton Key to "Finnegans Wake." By Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.
A Dictionary of American English on Historical Principles. Edited by Sir William Craigie. Four volumes. Chicago. $85.
The Shield of Achilles: Essays on Beliefs in Poetry. By Horace Gregory. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
The Loom of Language. By Frederick Bodmer. Edited by Lancelot Hogben. Norton. $3.75.
Henry James: The Major Phase. By F. O. Matthiessen. Oxford. $2.50.
Herman Melville: The Tragedy of Mind. By William Ellery Sedgwick. Harvard. $2.75.

MUSIC, ART, ARCHITECTURE, DRAMA

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William Sidney Mount. By Bartlett Cowdrey and Hermann Warner Williams, Jr. With a Foreword by Harry B. Wehle. Published

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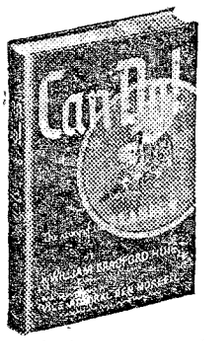

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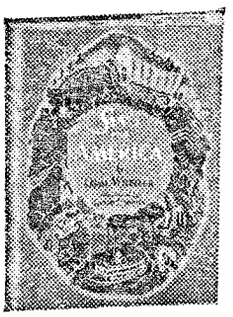

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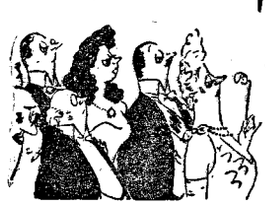

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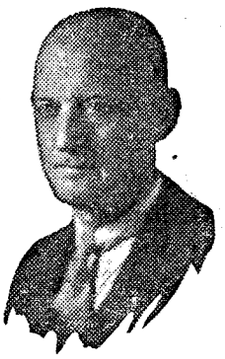

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Drama

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"IN BED WE CRY" is the title given, without any justification whatsoever, to a play just produced at the Belasco Theater. The piece makes a half-hearted pretense of dealing with the "problem" of a noble scientist who is married to a famous maker of cosmetics and who finds that sex interferes with his work, but it is actually a hodgepodge composed of clichés borrowed from a dozen "smart" and "sophisticated" comedy-dramas—especially, I imagine, from those of Clare Boothe Luce. Few plays seriously and extravagantly produced by a reputable producer have ever got a worse press, and under the circumstances there might seem little excuse for saying anything more. The unfortunate Ilka Chase, who wrote the novel on which the play is based, who then dramatized this novel and, still not satisfied, proceeded to act the leading role, has been exuberantly rebuked by the combined voices of the critics of the daily press. As an actress she has, on previous occasions, seemed to possess considerable talent as comedienne, and I should take no pleasure at this late date in adding any lengthy reprehensions of my own.

But the fact that "In Bed We Cry" is one more dramatization of a novel does tempt me to comment upon a situation which seems a serious one and which I have not seen discussed. With monotonous regularity the new plays which are announced turn out to be "adaptations." At least one offered this season has already closed, but seven are now current, and the fact certainly does not bode well for what we used to call, in all seriousness, the new American drama.

Back in the twenties the question whether a novel could ever under any circumstances become a good play was gravely debated. Some declared flatly that it could not, that a drama must be conceived from the beginning in the form appropriate to it. Others, less absolute, argued that exceptions to the rule might be found in the case of certain novels which happened to lend themselves to dramatic treatment, and they pointed out, for example, Mrs. Wharton's "Ethan Frome," which had been successfully translated to the stage. But no one ever dreamed of assuming that the theater could afford to depend chiefly upon adaptations or that it should allow itself to become, like the movies, the radio, and the book digest, merely one of the secondary media which rehash material already exploited in some other way.

For several years now producers have been complaining that there are no new playwrights. The complaint might possibly mean no more than that no strikingly good ones had appeared or that the producers themselves had lost the power of recognizing them. But it is beginning to look as if there had actually ceased to be any considerable number of persons able or willing to write plays measuring up to the never too exacting standards of a flourishing commercial theater. And yet such persons are absolutely indispensable to an institution which cannot afford to depend for long upon outside sources.

Potentially playwriting is still the most profitable of all forms of literary composition, and if the professional playwright seems to be tending to disappear, it can hardly be for the simple reason that the theoretical financial inducement is lacking. There are, however, two possible explanations which occur to me, and one of them is that theatrical producers may have caught by contagion from Hollywood that paralysis of nerve which has notoriously rendered the movie men unable to trust themselves to the extent of passing

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judgment in the first instance upon either the artistic or commercial possibilities of any script. It is possible, in other words, that the theatrical producer is no longer willing, as he once was, to judge a script which has not in some other form already been judged by some public. To the best of my knowledge no such producer has yet got so far as to return Hollywood's usual compliment by suggesting to the movie magnates that they should take the original risk of producing a script in celluloid with the understanding that if the public approves it the man of the theater will then buy the rights for himself. But it looks as though the latter were doing much the same thing when he prefers to commission dramatizations of previously published novels and short stories rather than to buy plays written directly for the stage.

A few more hits like "Harvey" might reanimate the courage of those who select our plays, but the second and even more alarming possible explanation of the vanishing playwright has still to be faced. It may be that the increased demand for material created by the new media, radio and the movies, has definitely exceeded the supply which artistic talent can provide even at the relatively low level of excellence commonly demanded, and that therefore every writer and every piece of writing must, willy-nilly, be made to serve over and over again, since only so can the voracious appetites of the printing press, the stage, the screen, and the loud speaker be satisfied even with what is, for the most part, *Ersatz* nutriment. The fact that the modern world has tended to multiply the means of saying things without finding any more things to say has long been recognized. Perhaps what we are seeing in the theater is merely another aspect of this fact, and perhaps there is no remedy short of abandoning some of the means of expression unless and until we discover much more to express.

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Films

JAMES AGEE

OF THE new films, "None but the Lonely Heart" most respectably bids for appreciation, general courtesy, and even enthusiasm; but on the whole I preferred "Meet Me in St. Louis." Most of its rather pretty new and old tunes are sung in an up-to-date chromium-and-glucose style which bitterly imposes on one's ability to believe that the year is 1903; and most of its sets and costumes and colors and characters are too perfectly waxen to belong to that or any other year. Indeed, this habit of sumptuous idealization seriously reduces the value even of the few scenes on which I chiefly base my liking for the picture; but at the same time, and for that matter nearly all the time, it gives you, for once, something most unusually pretty to watch. I can't remember ever having seen studio-sealed Technicolor better used, and would like particularly to mention three shots: one in which a mother and four daughters, all in festal, cake-frosting white, stroll across their lawn in spring sunlight, so properly photographed that the dresses all but become halations; one of a fine black horse and buggy in a brisk and resonant autumn night—an atmosphere you can all but get the temperature and cider fragrance and staidly sporty erotic tension of; and one of Halloween, which I will speak of later.

I liked the general intention of the movie: to let its tunes and other musical-comedy aspects come as they may, and to concentrate rather on making the well-heeled middle-class life of some adolescent and little girls in St. Louis seem so beautiful that you can share their anguish when they are doomed to move to New York. I must confess I could have liked it much better still. For by a process of elementary reasoning on which I hold no patent and which, indeed, I would be only too happy to see appropriated by people in a better position to make use of it, I am persuaded that this very good because very real idea might have been adequately served only in proportion as the girls, and the visual and emotional climate they move in and are supposed to love, themselves approached and honored rather than flouted and improved on reality. The one member of the cast who proved my childishly blunt point by turning it, over and over again, into a heart-piercing sword was the incredibly vivid and eloquent Margaret O'Brien; many of her possibilities and glints of her achievement hypnotize me as thoroughly as anything since Garbo.

What she is playing here is still, as usual, safely glossed and thinned and sweetened; but someone has surrounded her with an air of generosity and ease and perception in which she does some of her most satisfying work so far. (I imagine it may be the director, Vincente Minelli, especially if he is also responsible for a kind of graciousness and sense of joy in many of the shots, and sometimes in their succession, which seem to me Italian.) Her merely cute acts, like her song and her cakewalk, or her pleasure when she sits high beside a carriage driver, manage to mix stock cuteness with enchantment and with accurate psychology; the scene in which she is lugged in with her lip cut, screaming half-lies and gibberish, is about the most impressive and complex job of crying I have ever seen put on. I can hardly wait for her to be old enough to take on Hedwig's fearful jag in "The Wild Duck"—and can less than bear to realize what miraculous things she will almost certainly never get the chance to do between now and then.

Her annihilation of the snowmen she can't take to New York would have been terrifying if only she had had adequate support from the snowmen and if only the camera could have had the right to dare to move in close. Being only the well-meant best that adult professionals could design out of cornflakes or pulverized mothballs or heroin or whatever they are making snow out of just now, these statues were embarrassingly handicapped from their birth, and couldn't even reach you deeply by falling apart. Her walk on Halloween, away from the bonfire into the deepening dark of the street, her fear and excitement intensifying as she approaches her destination (the insulting of the most frightening man in the neighborhood) and follows the camera (which withdraws a few feet ahead of her in a long soft curve) are a piece of acting, of lovely, simple camera movement, and of color control which combined, while they lasted, to make my hair stand on end. If the rest of the picture's autumn section, which is by far its best, had lived up to the best things about that shot, and if the rest of the show, for all its prettiness, had been scrapped, "Meet Me in St. Louis" would have been, of all things on earth it can never have intended to be, a great moving

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picture—the first to be made in this country, so far as I can remember, since "Modern Times."

Of Clifford Odets's first job of directing, "None but the Lonely Heart," I have left myself room to say only that it is worth seeing. So is "Mademoiselle Fifi," a Val Lewton production. I hope to review both films next week.

Records

B. H. HAGGIN

A PERFORMANCE of Boito's "Mefistofele" led Bernard Shaw to remark, in 1889, that Gounod's "Faust" was "a true musical creation, whereas Boito has only adapted the existing resources of orchestration and harmony very ably to his libretto." I would say that William Walton, in his "Belshazzar's Feast," has only adapted existing musical resources to the Biblical text arranged by Osbert Sitwell; and has done this with technical expertness, fastidious taste, and impressive effect. The Victor set (974; $5.50) offers a good performance with Dennis Noble, baritone, the Huddersfield Choral Society, the Liverpool Philharmonic, and brass bands, conducted by Walton himself, and recorded with superb fidelity, clarity, balance, and beauty of sound.

Victor's other November set (975; $2.50) gives us an unfamiliar minor work of Dvôrák, his "In der Natur" for orchestra, which is engagingly melodious but rather diffuse by the time it ends. It is well performed by Stock with the Chicago Symphony; and the recorded sound is spacious and rich, but blurred occasionally by reverberance.

On a single disc (11-8644; $1) are three bits of lesser Delius—the Intermezzo and Serenade from the incidental music to "Hassan," the dance, La Calinda, from "Koanga"—which are characteristic in their exquisitely wrought, gorgeous-sounding texture. They are beautifully performed by Constant Lambert with the Hallé Orchestra, and beautifully recorded. On another single (11-8621; $1) is Kindler's overinflated transcription for full orchestra and performance with the National Symphony of two movements from Handel's Concerto Grosso Opus 3 No. 5 for strings, recorded with great magnificence of sound. And on still another (11-8643; $1) is Brailovsky's tastelessly mannered performance of Chopin's Impromptu Opus 29, with Liszt's "Liebestraum" No. 3 on the reverse side. The recorded sound is good; the surface of my copy is very noisy.

On Columbia's November-December list is a new set (X-243; $2.50) of the first and longer version of Tchaikovsky's Overture-Fantasia "Hamlet." There are passages in the main *Allegro* portion of the work which are good Tchaikovsky; only the slow introduction and coda impress me as good "Hamlet." In the new set an excellent performance by Lambert with the Hallé Orchestra is well recorded; but on the second side of my copy the pitch wavers badly.

Columbia also offers a set (551; $3.50) of Shostakovitch's Sonata Opus 40 for cello and piano, in which an occasional bit of uncharacteristic melodic prettiness is mingled with the normal varieties of rubbish of that facilely vulgar mind. The sound of Piatigorsky's cello is well recorded; that of Pavlovsky's piano is dull and unresonantly percussive.

Featured as the record classic from the existing catalogue is the set (356; $4.50) of Mozart's Piano Concerto K. 491 in C minor, with one of Mozart's two outstandingly powerful concerto first movements in minor keys (the other being the first movement of

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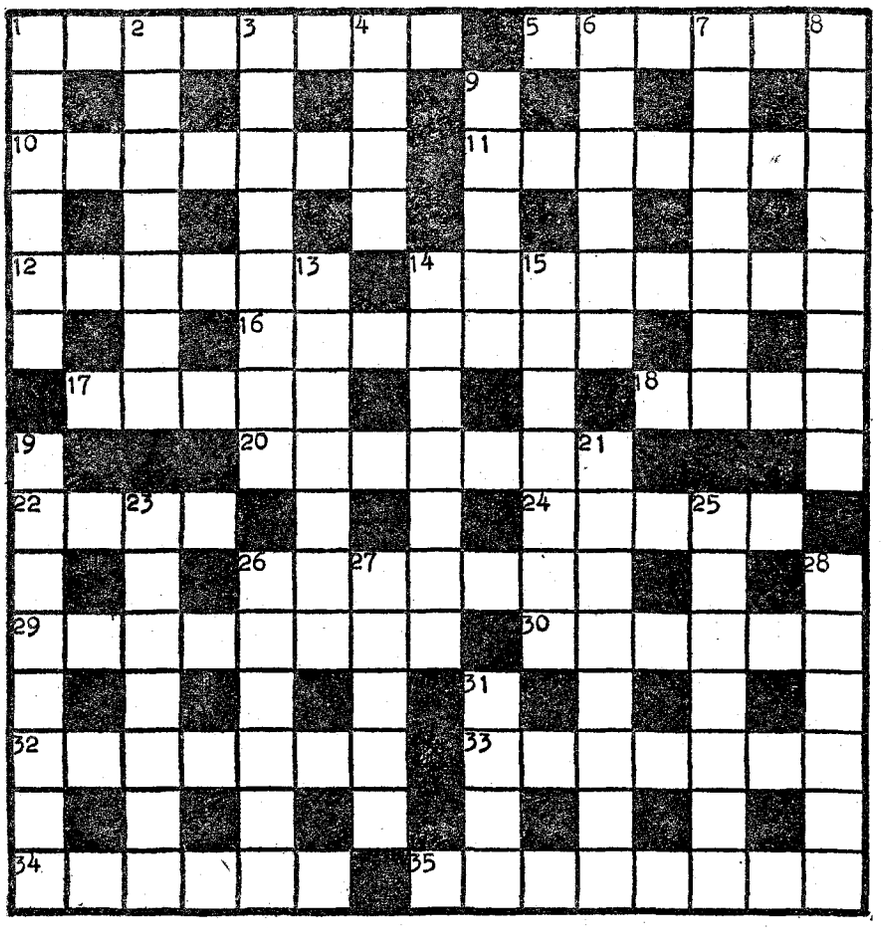
Cross-Word Puzzle No. 91

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 State in which eight U. S. Presidents were born
5 There was a young fellow named - - - - - -, Who when asked if he'd take a degree, Said, "It's bad enough to be - - - - - -, Without being - - - - - -, D. D."
10 You will always find a friend in this Italian town
11 That which deadens, wound round the neck?
12 "Old - - - - - - gray and melancholy waste" (Bryant)
14 "Thy soul was - - - - - - - -" to abridge slightly what Wordsworth said of Milton
16 In ecclesiastic slang, those who go to church twice on Sundays
17 A capital place in India
18 Here the newspaper chief has no alternative
20 The Sage of Concord
22 A song in variations
24 Hood, or Goodfellow, perhaps
26 Good news does
29 Mews that have no connection with horses or cats are (hyphen, 3-5)
30 Make oneself at home
32 Gave Theseus a clew which enabled him to escape from the labyrinth
33 Play to the gallery
34 Here you find us in the act of melting
35 Not much of a washer woman

DOWN

1 Diana of Scott's *Rob Roy*
2 Full
3 The Fairy Queen married the army private in this Gilbert and Sullivan extravaganza
4 A pressing necessity—but hardly to golfers
6 Deduces what the trapper deals in?
7 All died (anag.)
8 Samples of what is to follow
9 "Abner, etc. - - - - - him under the fifth rib" (Old Testament)
13 His best pace may be a crawl
14 Players who interest sport fans most?
15 "Re-arm or . . . !" (anag.) might be his motto
19 Shakespeare character: corpulent, jovial, humorous and dissolute
21 Those not predestined to salvation (hyphen, 3-5)
23 Type of type
25 Flatter sincerely
26 Occult
27 Early American humorist
28 This literary lady's table talk would have been interesting
31 Like only with immortal reputation

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 90

ACROSS:—1 HOBSON; 4 JUSTICES; 10 REGATTA; 11 CALYPSO; 12 BOOST; 13 SHE; 14 PRIME; 15 OWNED; 17 NINE TEEN; 21 FORENOON; 23 ACTOR; 26 ARIEL; 28 BET; 29 DONAT; 30 SHOTGUN; 31 PAINTER; 32 SHORT CUT; 33 OLD MAN.

DOWN:—1 HORNBOOK; 2 BIG HORN; 3 OCTET; 5 UNCLE; 6 TULIP; 7 CAPSIZE; 8 STORED; 9 BASSANIO; 16 DIE; 18 NONSTOPS; 19 TEA; 20 BRETHREN; 22 ORINOCO; 24 TINY TIM; 25 MASSES; 27 LIGHT; 28 BANTU; 29 DRILL.

K. 466 in D minor). Casadesus's playing of the solo part, though without the power of Fischer's in Victor Set 482, is quite good; and the Columbia performance was better recorded than the Victor when it was first issued a few years ago; but it comes off the records I have received now with the original brightness of the recorded sound completely dulled, as though the records had been pressed from old and worn masters.

And finally Columbia puts its "Swan Lake" set (349; $4.50) into a new picture album. The set offers not the music you may have heard in performances of "Swan Lake" in this country, but a collection of pieces drawn from Tchaikovsky's music for all three acts of the original ballet—a collection comprising some but not all of the music used in the one-act "Swan Lake" performed in this country, some but not all of the music used in the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe "Magic Swan," and some music not used in either of these two. Most of it is not only superb ballet music but highly enjoyable for itself; and Dorati's performance with the excellent London Philharmonic is well recorded except for a brashness caused by reverberation.

CONTRIBUTORS

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